

Young People's Story of Massachusetts

Herschel Williams



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**YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY
OF MASSACHUSETTS**



The burly savages seized them, tied their hands behind them, and hurried them away (Page 96)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS

BY

HERSCHEL WILLIAMS

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Illustrations by

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DEDICATED
TO MY YOUNG FRIEND
HORACE PERKINS

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE SONG

(Tune: Lorelei)

We sing a fond tribute of reverence
To Massachusetts brave,
The land of esteemed Pilgrim Fathers,
Whom patriots struggled to save.
When angry foes threatened thy children,
And thy hill-sides were spattered with gore,
The voice of a firm conscience guided,
Like beacon-lights guarding thy shore.

We love all thy comely dominion,
The Berkshires, thy rivers and bays;
Thou Cradle of Liberty, blessed,
Who brightens our land with her rays.
When tyranny threatens our nation,
Thou standest, full-armed, to defend;
May purpose and godly endeavor
Inspire thee to the end.

O, home of broad thought and free action,
Where Knowledge is fostered and prized;
Thou leader of infinite projects,
Thy merits can not be despised.
We pray that, in uncertain future,
In moments triumphant or grave,
Forever entwined with the Stars and Stripes,
The Bay State flag may wave.

—HERSCHEL WILLIAMS.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY
OF MASSACHUSETTS**

YOUNG PEOPLE'S STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF THE PLAY

WELCOME, American boys and girls! The curtain is about to rise on the greatest play ever staged on American soil—a drama to be acted by the sons and daughters of the Old Bay State. Indeed, no corner of the Union offers a more attractive setting for a play than Massachusetts, with her rocky ledges to the east guarding broad blue bays and noble ports; ¹ her green hills and valleys to the west; and, everywhere, clear sparkling rivers and woodland brooks.

You shall see the quaint Pilgrims bravely toiling in the wilderness, savage Indians in war paint plotting to destroy them, cavaliers in scarlet coats, Tory ladies with powdered hair and dainty furbelows, Quakers in gray striving to spread their religion, and colonial soldiers willing to give their lives to defend our country.

At times, you will gaze in horror upon scenes more thrilling than any you have watched at a moving-picture show ; but you must remember that the Old Bay State was forced to fight her way through pools of blood to the serene height she holds to-day.

Now the curtain is rising, and I will explain as briefly as possible the history of each leading character and event, that you may be sure to know all about the play, and remember the things that please you most.

You see a wide bay, across which a clumsy craft is sailing, filled with big, fair men with long yellow hair and strong, active bodies ; but some of you do not know that the biggest and fairest and strongest of them is Lief Ericson, son of Eric the Red, the famous Northman who colonized Greenland.²

Although Eric was a mighty conqueror, Lief was a greater man ; for he spread the Christian religion, and by his kind and just methods won so many victories that his followers called him "Lief the Lucky." Being an explorer and a sailor, Lief kept going from one place to another, trying to discover new countries, until, by chance, he came to the eastern coast of North America. Cruising along its border, he made friends with the Indians,

and, finally, reached the beautiful shore of what was, later, called Massachusetts. The bay now known as Boston harbor, one of the finest harbors in the world, attracted his attention, and he sailed across, past wooded islands, and into the Charles river as far as the present site of Watertown.

Lief the Lucky was not so great a colonizer as his father, Eric the Red, and although he admired the fine country, ate wild grapes, and wrote his name on rocks and pieces of armor, he did nothing of lasting benefit for the state of Massachusetts. In truth, when the severe winter weather set in, he was glad to return home. Possibly, he told his kinsmen that there was another country in the world as cold as Greenland.

However, Lief's younger brother Thorwald, who was, also, a daring sailor, discovered another famous bay, not long afterwards. Thrilled with delight, he exclaimed:—

“I should like to live in this part of the world, for it is, indeed, beautiful!”

Hardly had he prepared to settle when a number of wild Indians attacked the Northmen from all directions. A fierce fight followed, in which several men on both sides were killed; but the

hardy fighters from the Northland were victorious. They were about to celebrate with prayers and rejoicing when another band of savages crept from their canoes and pounced upon them. A more desperate battle followed, and Thorwald, the brave white leader, fell to the ground, wounded and dying.

“Let me take my last breath on that little neck of land reaching into the sea,” he gasped, as his comrades were trying to revive him. “When I am dead, place a cross at my head and another at my feet.”

His followers hastily obeyed his last command; and before the savages could return in larger numbers, they had set sail for a more peaceful land.

Whoever visits Massachusetts soon becomes familiar with the name of Cabot. The first of this illustrious family to reach the New World was John Cabot, a Genoese sailor sent out by King Henry VII to secure the spice trade for England.³ After braving the Atlantic—which the superstitious people of that time thought was filled with giants and monsters, any one of which could crush a vessel as though it were an egg-shell—Cabot landed near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and took

possession of the territory in the name of the King.

One of his three sons, Sebastian Cabot, who formerly had been in the service of King Ferdinand of Spain, came a year later to continue the work his father had begun.⁴ He explored the coast of North America from Nova Scotia to North Carolina, including that of Massachusetts. England, much gratified, claimed all the land which the Cabots had discovered.

The Cabots were followed by Bartholomew Gosnold,⁵ an English navigator, who was the first to sail straight across the Atlantic instead of making a long, roundabout trip. He commanded a vessel chartered by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had sent out this expedition to the New World in order to enrich both himself and his country.

For a time, everything seemed to favor Gosnold, for we are told that he found the islands to the south exceedingly fair—especially Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard, which he named at sight. He began trading with the Indians, and stored his vessel with furs and sassafras. He, also, came into the great bay which Thorwald Ericson had discovered, where the crew nearly exhausted themselves catching fish of extraordinary size.

"They are codfish," shouted Gosnold, in delight, "so I shall call this land Cape Cod!"

The name has been retained during the centuries that have passed, and the fish that abound there are just as big and numerous and delicious as they were in those early days.

Gosnold explored the Cape Cod section, and, when he wished to rest, reveled in the odors of the honeysuckle and eglantine that graced the splendid forest. His men discovered the wild pea, a rich harvest of tansy, and many wild fruits to add to the scanty provisions they had on board.

Soon, however, the Indians came with their shrill whoops and war clubs, and ended the happy sojourn of Gosnold, who was thankful to hasten back to sea. His description of the Cape Cod section attracted other traders and adventurers, and led to Nantucket becoming famous for her whales as well as for her furs and sassafras.

Among other voyagers who came to make his fortune was Captain Martin Pring (or Prynne), sent out by some merchants from Bristol, England. Little is known about him except that he was very fat and extremely greedy, and that his dread of the Indians was an inducement for him to hurry back home.

Chevalier de Monts came to this section to plant a French colony and be a great leader of men and affairs; but he, too, soon tired of his undertaking.⁶ He was closely connected with Champlain, the great discoverer, who stayed long enough to make a map of the coast of New England (as it is now called), and of Canada. Thus, the first map made of our country included the coast-line of future Massachusetts.

A still more popular visitor came to America, about ten years after Champlain had left. He was Captain John Smith, whose life had been filled with strange and exciting events.⁷ He was one of the most daring adventurers under the rule of Queen Elizabeth, and he had succeeded in interesting four London merchants in his scheme to secure vast trading opportunities.

He had already been in Virginia and, on his return, had reported that a still richer country lay far to the northward. What is more interesting, Captain Smith named that section New England, although, later, when his two trading-ships came in sight of this smiling land, he seems to have felt that the name he had given it was not sufficiently expressive.

8 STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS

“This is truly Paradise!” he cried, enthusiastically. “Yes, it must be Paradise!”

Captain Smith wrote the first account of New England, and composed many romantic stories concerning the wonderful new country “that stretches away unto India.” He, also, made some quaint maps, with the small knowledge he had gained; and, when he returned home, went about peddling them and praising New England. Notwithstanding his many opportunities, all Captain Smith seems to have secured was the title of “Admiral of New England,” which his friends, at that time, must have thought a pitiful joke. Like the adventurers who preceded him, he obtained nothing worth while for himself or his country.

CHAPTER II

LEYDEN AND THE MAYFLOWER

Tossing about on the stormy ocean is a frail, patched ship that no sea-captain of to-day would take from port. It is the Mayflower, crowded with our anxious Pilgrim ancestors who know naught concerning the strange, wild New World for which they are bound except the charming tales of Captain John Smith; but one needs something more assuring than stories to comfort him when he is in fear of danger.

Why are these good people risking their lives in the rickety Mayflower? In the first place, they were driven from England by the narrow, tyrannical King James I, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots.

“I will have but one religion in this country,” he declared. “I will punish all people who do not think exactly as I do.”

Our Pilgrim Fathers, who had a very simple religion of their own, finally became alarmed. They were, also, insulted by being called “Sepa-

ratists'' because they had left the Church of England, and "Roundheads" because the men preferred to clip their hair. Of all their nicknames they favored "Puritan," as it meant that they were pure in thought and act, and strict in religious matters.

Some of these Puritans, as we continue to call them, had been holding secret meetings in a room of an old manor house owned by the Archbishop of York. William Brewster, who was employed by that gentleman, had invited the Puritans to meet with him each Sunday to worship in their own way, without prayer-books or any of the conventional things they disliked.¹

The leaders of this faithful band were forced to flee to Holland—the loyal little country that receives all oppressed people who come to her for refuge; for they were threatened with fire and sword, and hot-tempered King James would grant them no protection.

Some of them settled in the quaint old city of Leyden, on the Rhine river; but quite a number of them were seized by officers of the English king before they could get aboard their vessel, and were put in prison.

In Leyden, the Puritans displayed the thrift that has made their sons and daughters of to-day

famous everywhere. They bought a tract of land, built a score of neat cottages, and erected a church in the heart of a blooming garden. They became skilled hat-makers, lace-makers, tobacco-pipe-makers, wool-carders, twine-spinners, carpenters, and masons.

The colony became prosperous under the leadership of such people as industrious John Carver and his bride, the polished Edward Winslow and his young wife, and Captain Miles Standish, who had formed a great friendship for William Brewster but would not join his church. Although they were treated with respect in Leyden, they were not satisfied with their new conditions.

“Our colony, which has sworn to stand together forever, is in a dangerous way,” they said. “We are becoming like the Dutch—we are trying to talk as the Dutch—our children are being married to the Dutch. Let us go to some country where we can be alone and do entirely as we please. Let us keep alive our English and Puritan traditions.”

They talked it over in church and at home, and finally agreed that they would go to Virginia, which they had heard was a wonderful place. They had not enough money to charter a vessel, however, and they, also, learned that King James had given all the coast from Cape Fear, North

Carolina, as far as Long Island Sound, to what was known as the Virginia Company.

"We will go, no matter what dangers we may meet," they declared. "We will settle in the Valley of the Hudson. What is more, we will organize a company of our own; and God is with us."

They formed a stock company of seventy-five English merchants who fitted them out with two vessels, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. Each member of the company loaned fifty dollars, and the Puritans were to pay back the money as soon as they could settle and earn an income.

The *Speedwell* took the Leyden colonists to England, where the *Mayflower* was awaiting them, crowded with other Puritans.² There was a joyful meeting, and no one seemed worried at the thought of crossing a treacherous ocean to build a home in a wild land where he must toil for years to pay a heavy debt. Indeed, these plucky Puritans, finding that not enough money had been raised to pay their passage, sold some of their provisions, cloth, and muskets to pay the amount that was due—and then away they sailed!

The *Speedwell*, which was even more rickety than the *Mayflower*, soon began to toss and groan in a manner that frightened the Captain. He declared it unfit for the voyage. Those who wished

to board the Mayflower—which included all the leaders from Leyden—were permitted to do so, and the Speedwell staggered back to England.

So that little, frail, overloaded vessel on the wild ocean, to which I called your attention, was the Mayflower—bounding, it knew not whither; but landing, by chance, in Cape Cod Bay.^s

CHAPTER III

GOOD OLD PLYMOUTH

BEFORE landing, the Puritans, or Pilgrims, signed a paper in which they faithfully promised to stand by one another, and to defend their colony to the end.¹ John Carver was appointed governor, and the first simple laws of New England were made.

The little colony began to grow before they had set foot on American soil, for a child was born in mid-ocean, whom they named Oceanus; and, while waiting in Cape Cod Bay, Peregrine White came to gladden their hearts—the first white child born in New England.²

The Puritans, at first, were disappointed that they had drifted out of their course and were far from the Hudson river, where they had hoped to build their homes; but they were quite accustomed to having their plans go wrong, and never flinched in their purpose.

To make it more trying, the rough men of the crew said that if they did not land soon, they would force them ashore and take the vessel back

to England. So Captain Miles Standish, one of the most daring soldiers that ever lived, ordered over a dozen men in his party to help him explore the region. They jumped into a shallop, or light boat, and cruised along the coast of Cape Cod to find a suitable place for landing.

They first set foot on American soil at a spot now called Provincetown, almost at the end of Cape Cod, where they found many Indian relics. These proved to them that the country once had been inhabited. On numerous graves, they found bowls of corn, which they took along with them for planting in the spring. Later, when they discovered that the corn belonged to Indians in that neighborhood, they gladly paid for it.

The cold winds and blinding sleet of winter did not stop their cruise, for they knew that no time should be lost in choosing a place to pitch their camp. It was truly very different from the sunny land of green trees and wild grapes that John Smith had pictured, for the whole country was gloomy and covered with snow and ice. Nevertheless, it was better than living in England under King James or having their children marry the Dutch.

During the stormy night, they found scant shelter on Clark's Island, and next day reached the

end of their journey in Plymouth Harbor.³ They landed on Plymouth Rock, and found a spring of excellent drinking-water, where they quenched their thirst.⁴ They decided that this place should be their home.

If any of you boys and girls attended the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, you must have seen moving pictures representing the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. You were, perhaps, impressed with the women and children—especially with pretty Mary Chilton, said to have been the first of the Puritans to place her foot on Plymouth Rock. You, also, must have observed the fine horse that the welcoming Indian rode. Now, to tell the truth, there were no women and children in this party, for they were all back at Provincetown, washing clothes and getting ready to make their final landing; and, at that time, there were no horses in New England. Moreover, not a solitary Indian turned out to welcome our Pilgrim Fathers.

When the men had finished their tour of the place now occupied by the attractive town of Plymouth, they returned to make their report to those awaiting them on the Mayflower. William Bradford was anxious to get back to his young wife, Dorothy, who—if we are to judge from a

large painting in the Plymouth Hall of Relics—was young, fair-haired, and beautiful. Little did he know of the sorrow that was to blight his life. His anxiety increased when he saw that his friends at Provincetown were almost overcome with grief instead of joyous at the return of the exploring party.

“Alas! Dorothy Bradford is dead! She fell overboard and was drowned!” was the message that greeted him.

William Bradford did not waste time in useless mourning, for the ill-natured crew of the Mayflower kept urging them to board the vessel, and threatening to leave them and sail back to England if they did not make haste; so, after Dorothy Bradford’s burial, the Pilgrims returned to the ship and slowly made their way to Plymouth.

As soon as they had landed, a prayer of thanksgiving was offered to God, and a further appeal was made for His protection during their time of greatest uncertainty and hardship. The Mayflower prepared to turn back and leave them alone, in the strange, frozen land of Plymouth.

CHAPTER IV

TESTS OF NEW ENGLAND COURAGE

ON Christmas day, work was begun upon the settlement. The men, about forty in number, soon cleared a space for building. Some cut down the trees with their great axes, others prepared them for building, while the carpenters and masons planned and erected the houses. The sixty women and children assisted ably, even to little Mary Allerton, who in spite of early hardships lived to the good old age of ninety. Among the leaders in this busy enterprise were Thomas Williams, Edward Doten, Richard Warren, John and Edward Tilley, Christopher Martin, Francis Eaton, Thomas Tinker, John Crackston, Thomas Rogers, John Turner, Richard Gardiner, Edward Lister, Moses Fletcher, George Soule, Degory Priest, John Goodman, Thomas English, John Billington, Edward Fuller, and Isaac Allerton.

They were sensible in building first a "common house," big enough to shelter them all—a shanty twenty feet square, with oiled-paper windows.

Then they built five houses for private dwellings.

Now comes the saddest time in the history of these brave people who had risked their lives to found a righteous colony of their own. The voyage across the waters not only had tortured them in soul and body, but scurvy, a loathsome disease, had attacked them. Then, the exposure that beset them while building their abodes led to general sickness; and one by one the pilgrims died, until only half the number remained.

The common house was used as a rude hospital, and the nurses were nearly as ill as those who were dying all about them. To make the situation more terrible, this building was set on fire, and the sick inmates were rescued with great difficulty. They then knew that Indians were in the neighborhood, and another anxiety was added to the list.

During their winter hardships, they became acquainted with Tisquantum, an Indian who seemed friendly. In fact, he made himself very useful, and won the good will of Edward Winslow and others; but most of the women and children suspected him. Afterwards, they learned that "Squanto," as many of them called him, had seen much of the world. He had been kidnapped by

English sailors, and rescued by other seamen of the same race, who had sent him back to his home in the Plymouth country.

Squanto told Captain Miles Standish all about his master, Massasoit, Chief of the Wampanoags, who lived not far distant. He said that he would do all in his power to have him treat the Pilgrims kindly. Some of the colonists, however, distrusted Squanto, and feared that Captain Standish, at any moment, might have to muster his soldiers to prevent a dreadful massacre. Exercising caution, they made no graves for their dead lest their enemies might know how small their colony had become.

Such a frightful winter as it was to the poor Pilgrims! By this time, they expected almost any calamity; but they were joyfully surprised, one day, to hear a voice with a strange accent call out in their own language:—

“Welcome, Englishmen!”

It proved to be the voice of Samoset, a powerful subject of Chief Massasoit, come to give them a friendly greeting, three months after their landing. Squanto had kept his word in preserving peace. Moreover, he had taught them all about corn and how to plant it, had told them remarkable stories of the new country, and had explained

various words and signs used by the Indians. Squanto was the first friend of the Pilgrims, and the best one.

The first hospitable act the colony displayed was when they rushed to meet Samoset. He explained in poor English how all the native Indians of Plymouth had died of a plague, with the exception of Squanto, and said he would have the great Chief Massasoit make a treaty of peace with the new English colony. The poor stricken Pilgrims were so delighted that they gave Samoset a knife, a bracelet, and a ring, and invited him to visit them soon again.

In a few days, Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, came to call, with sixty braves, including Samoset. The children of the colony must have been frightened until their eyes rested upon Squanto, who was as pleased as a little boy to see the palefaces shaking hands with the members of his tribe. The Chief was sorry to know that the Pilgrims had spent such a miserable winter, and that Governor Carver and his wife, Mrs. Edward Winslow, and Rose, the wife of Captain Standish, were among the dead. Before he left, a treaty was made in which it was agreed that the Pilgrims and the Wampanoags were to be friends, and help one another to the best of their ability.

The new governor, William Bradford, thought it a good thing to return the call of Chief Massasoit as soon as the weather should become more favorable; so Edward Winslow and Stephen Hopkins were sent, with faithful Squanto as their guide.

Winslow, who was the most learned man of the colony, and a gentleman to the tips of his fingers, left a letter which tells of his amusing visit to the land of the Wampanoags.¹ He said they had a walk of forty miles, and were very hungry when they reached the end of their journey. Chief Massasoit welcomed them kindly, but told them that he was entirely out of food. He was childishly pleased with the presents Winslow brought him, especially a red cotton mat trimmed with lace, with which he at once adorned his head. Polite Mr. Winslow had to sleep on a board that night; and until a very late hour, the Indians sang dreadful songs and yelled till they fell asleep. Who but a real gentleman could have kept his good nature?

In the morning, a few lazy braves went out and caught two small fish, which did not go far towards satisfying the hunger of forty people. At any rate, Winslow made a lifelong friend of Massasoit, and thus secured the safety of the Puritan colony.

When he visited the Wampanoags next time, Massasoit gave him nourishing food and pronounced some queer charms over him, that evil might never come his way.

Boys and girls, you must go to Cape Cod Bay as soon as you can, and visit the comfortable towns of Provincetown and Plymouth. If you do not care for history, you can eat codfish and bluefish and mackerel and clams and scallops and lobsters and shrimps and oysters; but if you do not like the best sea-food that the world produces, you can wade in the bogs and sand hills and pick cranberries.

CHAPTER V

THE PURITANS AT HOME

Not long after the wretched first winter, Plymouth was a thriving Puritan colony. Although the Wampanoags minded their own affairs, other tribes of Indians began to make trouble. Their frequent attacks made peppery Miles Standish so angry that he would unsheath his Persian sword, and, followed by his brave soldiers, fight the redskins until they were glad to sneak away. He was the first commissioned officer in the New World, and he felt that his high position was worth his many sacrifices.

Once, Governor Bradford received a snake-skin stuffed with arrows. He knew that it was a threat, and that it had come from the 'unfriendly Narragansett Indians.

"If they want to fight, we are ready," he announced with great coolness.

Then he emptied the skin, filled it with gunpowder, and returned it to the enemy. Canonicus, the Narragansett chief, was prompt to apologize,

for he well knew that Captain Standish and his standing army were terrible in war.

After the first harvest, the colonists prepared a feast, and invited Chief Massasoit and almost a hundred of his tribe to visit them. This was the first thanksgiving dinner served in America, and it lasted three days. You can imagine how the children must have suffered after eating all the wild turkey, venison, succotash, hasty pudding, and quince tarts they wanted.

Each Puritan did all he could to make Plymouth as prosperous as Leyden. It is recorded that by shipping fish, beaver-skins, sassafras, clapboards, and other useful things, they soon paid their debt to the Company in England, and were ready to save money. Their promptness and willingness to meet this obligation should prove to all the world that the New England conscience began on Plymouth Rock, and, like the Rock, has remained strong and steadfast. Well do the Pilgrims deserve the handsome monument erected to their memory, even though it took twenty-five years to build it.

As trading proved so profitable, many other immigrants came to the new colony. Soon it was quite a little city, although not a gay one; for the Puritans were opposed to amusements that would

cause much laughter. There was no card playing, nor dice throwing, nor dancing; and there were no musical instruments. They led a very simple life, and each was called by his first name, unless he might be of aristocratic family. "Good-man" and "Good-wife" were the terms they used most frequently.

They began to build better houses, although most of them contained but one room. A fire-place was at one end, where meat was cooked on a slowly-turning spit, and herring was roasted in the hot ashes. For a time, bread was baked in a skillet placed on a bed of coals. There were no cushions nor draperies nor the thousand and one things the housekeeper of to-day requires; but plain wooden benches, settles, stools, a "grand-father's arm-chair," and, perhaps, a homespun rug.

As the town developed, much spinning and weaving and manufacturing of all kinds was done, and the Pilgrim Fathers were glad that they had learned such useful occupations while in Leyden. Many of the men knew how to make lace, and the women soon learned how to use it.

You have all seen pictures of the Pilgrims going to church, where their crude hymns were the best music that the place afforded. The men would

carry guns, and be on the constant lookout for savages. How odd they look in their high-crowned hats of black felt! They wore leather and calf-skin garments, long leather hose, and pewter buttons on their coats, although some of them still used metal hooks, believing that buttons were a sinful vanity. It is said that some of the older men wore snake-skin garters, an Indian remedy for rheumatism.

You can see the women in close-fitting gowns, which they themselves had dyed; plain caps; kerchiefs about their necks; and whittles, or double blankets, over their shoulders.

The first wedding in New England was that of the young widower, Edward Winslow, who also enjoyed the honor of being a governor of Plymouth. Whom do you think he married? None other than Mrs. Susanna White, the mother of little Peregrine, born at Provincetown. They had a grand wedding, for that time, and were congratulated by all the old Puritan families.

Edward Winslow, called "The Pioneer," wanted to keep up the glory of his old English family, which had descended from Walter de Wynslow, Gentleman-at-Arms to the Earl of Buckingham, in the fourteenth century; so he dressed himself in

very fine clothes, and furnished his mansion as completely as possible.¹

His second brother, John, married Mary Chilton, who many say was the first white woman to set foot on New England soil. The Pilgrims continued to marry among themselves until it is small wonder that their descendants are puzzled over their ancestors.

Finally, Captain Miles Standish grew tired of being a widower, and fell in love with Priscilla Mullens, a beautiful Mayflower girl. As his good wife, Rose, had been dead only three months, he was ashamed to propose to the girl, so sent John Alden. It is strange that Standish showed so little judgment in choosing his go-between, for it is said that Alden was young and handsome. Priscilla seems to have fallen in love with John the minute he began to grow red and stammer a proposal for Captain Standish.

Blushing deeply, she gave a reply which will never be forgotten while there is romance in the American heart:—

“Why—why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

John *did* speak for himself, and Priscilla’s father was pleased that his daughter should marry

such a sensible young cooper. As for Captain Standish, it is said that he raged for some time at poor John, and snubbed Priscilla whenever he met her. Then he got revenge by marrying his sister-in-law, Barbara, who was every whit as charming as Priscilla.

You may be glad to know that Captain Standish and Priscilla Alden were united later, in a way, when his son Alexander grew up and married her daughter Sarah; and, so far as we know, all of them were happy ever after.²

Samuel Fuller was the first doctor in New England, as was Elder Brewster the first preacher; and to John Howland belongs the distinction of outliving all the other Mayflower Pilgrims.

When Prosperity increases, Pride is sure to gain strength. Elder Brewster, the oldest Pilgrim of the Mayflower, was shocked to see many of his flock trying to follow the latest styles from old England. The simple white Holland house-apron had become a gorgeous thing fringed with gold, and young men were wearing jaunty green or scarlet caps. Masks were thought necessary for ladies, because of the severe climate; but these became so highly ornamental that they were forbidden in the Colony of Plymouth.

Many jokes have been made at the expense of good Elder Brewster, who railed against the growing vanities of the age, and at the same time took kindly to wearing blue and violet coats and green waistcoats.

Now that you have seen the Pilgrims happily settled in their new home, we shall pass on to the next scene, and learn some of the things they did.

CHAPTER VI

PLYMOUTH BEGINS TO HAVE NEIGHBORS

DURING the first few years that followed the landing of the Pilgrims, vessel after vessel came to New England, filled with people who desired peace and prosperity. They proved to be wonderful colonizers, and many of them moved from place to place, as certain of the Plymouth band were doing.

Thomas Weston, a London merchant who had business dealings with the Puritans, decided that he would found a colony of his own that would be superior to the one at Plymouth. He, also, thought he would make a vast fortune and a great name for himself. So, two years after the Mayflower had landed, he sent over sixty people to form a new community.

They settled at Weymouth, close by, and were glad to receive the advice and even the protection of the Plymouth colonists before they had finished their adventure. Such people as they were! They were not industrious; and the Plymouth colonists, although polite to them, considered them coarse

and irreverent. We are told that the Weymouth settlers would accept favors of their new neighbors, then go home and make fun of their quaint sayings and strict rules of living. They did not know how to start a colony, and almost starved on their daily diet of clams. Finally, they began to rob the Indians, and treated them so badly that a fight followed. The redskins raided the settlement, hanged one of the men, and left with savage threats. Plymouth had to get Chief Massasoit to intercede for them or they would all have been hanged and scalped. It is said that Captain Standish went to Weymouth and gave the new colonists a severe lecture, in which he threatened them with his standing army. This frightened the poor shiftless settlers worse than the Indian attack, and they were glad to return to England, much to the disgust of Thomas Weston. Weymouth became a prosperous town, however, when another band of colonists settled there, and enacted laws similar to those of Plymouth.

Meanwhile, the members of the Puritan church in Dorchester, England, formed a plan to organize a company backed by rich London merchants. They, too, wanted to found a colony where they might worship as they pleased. John White, the

pastor, really suggested the movement; and soon all England was talking about the hardy little band that was to cross the ocean and open up the industries of fishing, hunting, farming, and mining.¹ John Endicott was appointed general agent; and Francis Higginson, preacher for the new colony.²

Endicott was delighted with the scenery of Cape Ann; and one of his companions told in a letter of the beautiful flowers that decorated the waters, which, really, were bright-hued jelly-fish. He was surprised to find that a colony was just beginning there on the site where Gloucester now stands.³

Truly, Gloucester was a settlement of importance, from the first, under the rule of mild Roger Conant. Edward Winslow of the Plymouth colony was attracted by the beauty of Cape Ann, and probably foresaw that some day a city like the present Gloucester would guard its harbor, and be the greatest fishing center in the world.

One can imagine how visitors there enjoyed the halibut and mackerel that were as plentiful as the leaves on the great trees, and how they were interested in hearing about Captain Miles Standish, who sailed into Gloucester harbor one day and declared war against a man named Hewes, who had stolen a fishing-stage that belonged to his be-

loved Plymouth. The Gloucester men were so frightened that they built a barricade of hogs-heads, which Standish, like a cyclone, began to demolish. Blood would have been spilled had not Conant interfered.

John Endicott was attracted to Salem, a trading-post that owed its start to Roger Conant. He had sixty followers, some of whom decided to settle at neighboring posts. Things were moving along briskly when the other Puritans from Dorchester, England, arrived, under command of their governor, John Winthrop.⁴

When Winthrop's party arrived at Salem, they were much impressed by the warm reception given to them. They thought the June air was as balmy as that of sunny Spain, and the roses and the strawberries the most perfect they had yet seen. Some of them went to Dorchester, now a part of Boston, where they unloaded their vessels and sent them back to England; but most of them settled in the new colony of Salem, which grew so rapidly that Plymouth had a hard time to hold her own.

It is said that the next year after the landing of the Pilgrims, Captain Standish and several others went in a shallop to what is now known as Boston harbor, and landed there.⁵ At that time the penin-

sula on which Boston now stands was pear-shaped, and the water came to the edge of the Boston Common of to-day. Obbatinewat, an Indian chief, seems to have been the first Bostonian recorded in history, and Captain Standish was pleased with his hospitality. He gave them boiled codfish and lobsters, and invited them to come again. Allerton Point, which guards Boston harbor, was named for John Allerton.

Two years later, the first white man took up his abode in Boston, having selected Beacon Hill as a place suitable for an old bachelor who wanted to be alone. His name was William Blackstone, and his was the first house built in Boston. If he could visit Beacon Hill to-day, he would find more bachelors than are gathered together in any residential section in our country.

Blackstone did not want any close neighbors, and was annoyed when a number of prominent men met at the Cambridge settlement, across the Charles river, and formed a society which they called "Governor and Companions of the Massachusetts Bay Colony." I imagine he thought it a very pompous name, and did not like it because they secured a second charter from England to hold the lands stretching north and west of Boston harbor.

“I suppose I shall have to move now,” said Blackstone, “for the land around my farm will soon be surrounded with settlers.”

He overcame his odd prejudices, however, and opened Beacon Hill, with its fresh spring water, to some immigrants from Charlestown. They arrived one day, with their tents and household goods, and told Blackstone of their troubles. They had come over from England in the *Arabella*, and landed at Baker’s Island, near Salem, after a voyage of seventy-six days. What a stormy trip it had been for tourists so delicately reared and so unused to hardships! They did not care to settle at Salem, so started to found a place of their own at Charlestown; but the drinking-water there was so bad that they decided to move on to Beacon Hill.

In the party were Governor Winthrop and Isaac Johnson, who was the husband of the beautiful Lady Arabella Johnson, in whose honor their English vessel had been named. They had come across from Charlestown to Beacon Hill in boats, and it is said that the first English woman to set foot on Boston soil was Anne Pollard, a brave, attractive girl who lived to be over one hundred years old. Blackstone, the bachelor, was not pleased with the first settlers, even though Anne



Pretty Mary Chilton, said to have been the first of the Puritans to place her foot on Plymouth Rock (Page 16)

Pollard and other pretty girls were in the party. He sold his land and moved as far away as he could get; but you will be interested to know that he returned, years afterwards, and married a girl from his home town.

Governor Winthrop thought Boston the prettiest part of the new Massachusetts colony—much nicer than Dorchester or Saugus or Cambridge, which was then called “Newtown.” He was sure that in time it would be a much pleasanter place than Roxbury, founded by William Pyncheon; or Watertown, started by Sir Richard Saltonstall; or any of the new settlements that were springing into existence.

The golden summer soon faded away, and the weather became colder each day until a most severe winter was upon them. About all they had to eat were clams, mussels, and ground-nuts. Isaac Johnson, however, went on laying plans for a brilliant future. He had left Lady Arabella at Salem, not wishing her to join him until he had prepared a decent home for her. He bought a tract of land for a residence, where King’s Chapel now stands, and dreamed of the time when she would be the first lady of new Boston and live in splendid style.

Alas, for air-castles! One day he received word

that Lady Arabella was very ill. There were no coaches; and travelers had a hard time of it, as they had to tramp through deserted forests and often depend upon Indians to carry them on their backs over swollen streams. He reached Salem in time to see his wife die, after which he gave up all interest in life. He passed away, soon afterwards, and his grave was the first in the burial ground of King's Chapel.

Of the immigrants who had arrived during the summer to build the historic towns of Massachusetts, over two hundred died of want and exposure, and one hundred returned to England.

Governor Winthrop had decided to make Cambridge, or "Newtown," the capital of the Massachusetts colony; and they had begun to build palisades to defend the townsmen from the Indians when he decided to build on the other side of the river on a spot north of the place now occupied by the Old South Meeting House of Boston. The street which passed his home became the chief thoroughfare of the new city; and, after it was visited by Washington, a century and a half later, was named in honor of that famous general.

Boston became the capital when the first governor, John Winthrop, decided to make his home there; but it was so slow in its beginning that the

other settlements made much fun of it, and called it "Lost Town."

Soon you shall see, in the development of Boston, how great things often come from very small beginnings; and how hard and earnest labor brings its reward.

CHAPTER VII

THE MULTIPLICATION OF TOWNS

Wonderful it was, how towns began to spring up and flourish, although Boston, or "Lost Town," had little to brag of but the residence of the first Massachusetts governor.¹ Progressive men from each town would band together, select a new spot for colonizing, and build as rapidly as possible. A General Court was organized, and two men from each town were sent as chief delegates to "Lost Town" to talk over important affairs. This was the beginning of our first legislature.

It was agreed that every man should vote on all matters; and in time, people became so independent of the English King that they elected their own governors and legislators. Later on, when England began to tax her American colonies, it was Watertown which began the great War of the Revolution by opposing the practice.

The people of Plymouth were not envious of the remarkable Massachusetts colony to the north. They worked harder than ever, and founded other towns close by. Captain Standish settled Dux-

bury, and built him a home that was considered one of the finest in the land. In fact, it is recorded that he had five chairs, four rugs, five feather-beds, one table cloth, four napkins, four iron pots, one pair of steel-yards; many muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, belts; and other pieces of property. There were no forks in those days; but the Standish home was well supplied with knives, mugs, and wooden plates called trenchers.

The Puritans continued to be as strict as ever concerning their daily conduct, and expected their neighbors to be as orderly. One of the first trading-stations in Massachusetts was established by Captain Wollaston on Merry Mount, or Wollaston Heights, which, although some distance from Plymouth, was too close for comfort.² When the Captain was away from camp one day, Thomas Morton, whom he had appointed to take his place, became very lively and wanted to have one of the good old times for which England was noted.

“Let’s make merry!” he cried. “No more of this dull, Puritan life till the Captain returns!”

He proceeded to celebrate, much to his sorrow, in days to come. He and several of his men put up a May-pole, and began to dance wildly around it, singing and yelling until the Indians came to look on. Good humor exciting their generosity,

they gave the Indians fire-arms, which was against the law; and they all joined together in shooting off pistols, blowing horns, and carousing in a most shocking manner, until their Puritan neighbors arrived and cut down the May-pole.

It is recorded that Captain Miles Standish dragged Morton away to Plymouth, and shipped him back to England. Morton, who was a literary man, felt very indignant, and made much sport of the Pilgrims in some stories he wrote for English newspapers. Then he was bold enough to return to Wollaston for another good time. The Plymouth people, remembering the unjust things he had written about them, were prompt in clapping him in jail. He was glad to go back to England, and seems to have written no more humorous accounts of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The pretty town of Medford sprang up as soon as the settlers of Salem saw what an attractive place it would be for residences, with its broad meadow-lands and low-spreading trees.³ One of the mansions which was to stand the wear of centuries was owned by a later governor. Its walls were thick enough to resist the siege of a regiment, and there was a window in the great chimney to disclose approaching enemies. The doors

were all iron-barred, and the closets fire-proof.

William Pyncheon was one of the first of the Massachusetts colony to differ from his church in regard to certain points of religion. He had come over with Governor Winthrop on the ship *Arabella*, and settled in thriving little Roxbury, now a part of Boston. At last, he decided to go west; and a dozen of his townsmen promised to go with him.

Although Springfield is now less than three hours' ride from Boston, it took Pyncheon and his followers eighteen days to reach there.⁴ They expected attacks from the Indians, and were much in need of food and dry clothing. Some of the old people were carried in litters; but many of the children, although tired and footsore, tramped all the way from Roxbury. There was another season of thanksgiving and rejoicing when they arrived at the big log hut that marked the end of their journey; after which they continued the work already begun on the model town of Springfield.

The people of Springfield insist that Governor Winthrop was the father of their city as well as of Boston. They are right; for that good man and some followers bought the land from the Indians. As there was no money in circulation, they paid

for it with wampum (small round shells used by the redskins as money), also with hose, coats, knives, and hatchets. Then they built the first rude huts, one of which afforded shelter for the later arrivals, Pyncheon and his friends.

Pyncheon was the first magistrate of Springfield, and he lived in the best house in the Connecticut valley. However, he wrote a book that was too broad in its teachings for the Puritans back in eastern Massachusetts, and he was turned out of office. The book was burned in the Boston market-place; and Pyncheon, highly vexed, returned to England. Some of his descendants remained, but wisely refrained from literary work in those strict days of New England's childhood.

A queer court was created in Springfield by the magistrate that followed Pyncheon. Both men and women were publicly whipped for small offenses, and anyone who spoke in a loud voice was forced to pay a fine.

The horror of witchcraft, about which you shall hear later, really began in Springfield when "Goody" Parsons, an old woman, was given twenty lashes over the shoulders, by the constable. Why did they punish Goody Parsons? Because a few nervous children were frightened at the appearance of the poor old woman, and the magis-

trate decided that Goody must have bewitched them.

In time, an arsenal was built, with grounds covering fifty-seven acres. It became a great god-send to the national army, and in a little over a century and a half after the founding of the city, the manufacture of arms was begun there. Captain Ephraim Williams also came into public notice in this charming region, and rapidly rose to the position of Colonel while in charge of a government fort. Williamstown and Williams College were named in his honor.

No one at that time ever dreamed that the rude shanties of Worcester would some day be transformed into the fine public buildings and residences of the second largest city in Massachusetts. In truth, no other city in the world has such a variety of industries.

The first settlers there had a hard time to hold their own, for the Indians in that locality were especially fierce and quarrelsome. Once they drove all the people out of the village except one man, who was determined to stay and defend his rights. He was scalped before he had a chance to begin fighting; and Worcester, for a time, was without a solitary citizen.

CHAPTER VIII

MASSACHUSETTS COLONY

GOVERNOR WINTHROP'S first winter in Boston was not such as we should imagine it to be, in this day of luxury and civilization. He was alone in his cheerless abode until early spring, when his family came over from England. Mrs. Winthrop and the children were much pleased with the welcome they received, and, also, with the "donation" which the friends of the beloved Governor gave him. They were glad they had missed the famine that had begun the summer before. Governor Winthrop told them of the poverty at Salem, Boston, and other towns of the Massachusetts colony, and how the good ship *Lion* had been sent to England for food. For six months the starving colonists had waited. The Governor had given all his corn-meal to a needy neighbor; and one woman in Boston is said to have put her last loaf of bread in the oven to bake. Public prayers had been offered, which were soon answered by the return of the *Lion*.

The first settlers of Boston were so much delighted that they had a feast of thanksgiving, which was the first one held in America by proclamation.¹ Captain Pearce saved their lives with his great stores of wheat, oatmeal, beef, pork, cheese, butter, and suet. He also brought some fruit trees for planting. What was, also, gratifying, he was accompanied by a number of strong and capable men, including Roger Williams, John Perkins, and Robert Hale.

House building began in earnest in the Massachusetts colony. The first church in America, which was built in Salem, was not the only weather-proof building, for others were erected in Boston and neighboring villages.² You would not call the church at Salem a very fine structure, in these days; for it was tiny and dingy, with two little windows on each side, and a narrow door with a big clumsy key.

Like the colonists at Plymouth, they did not have good lights to read by; so when the curfew bell rang at nine o'clock, instead of daring to stay up a few minutes longer, they would cover the fires and go to bed. At half-past four, the bell would ring again for the people to rise and have morning prayers. On Sunday, they would go to church at the beating of a drum. Until the church

was built, they shined under a big tree in all kinds of weather; so it is no wonder that they were glad to have a building even though it had a thatched roof and mud walls. The men would sit on one side, and the women on the other; while the boys were placed in charge of a severe old man who watched them closely, and fined any one twelve pence for whispering. The sermons were very long, and no one dared to go to sleep.

It was the talk of the colony when Dedham put up a new church thatched with grass, with the first belfry erected in New England. The sexton had to stand in the middle of the floor to ring the bell.

The colonists worked until their hands were blistered, and their strength almost gone. Soon, whale and cod fisheries were doing a thriving business, and hogsheads of mackerel were packed to be shipped and sold at nearly eighteen dollars apiece. Furs brought good prices, too; also, turpentine, pitch, and tar. Scove-beans were raised in vast quantities, as were pumpkins, squashes, and peas. There were fields of rye, oats, and barley; and small orchards that yielded cherries, plums, pears, and quinces.

Commerce was opened with Virginia and other southern colonies, and foreign trade soon followed. Potatoes, oranges, and limes were shipped

from Bermuda; cotton, from the West Indies; and oil and iron, from Malaga. Massachusetts Province became known throughout the world, especially when the Plymouth colony, later, joined it, and worked, with all the other towns, for the one big colony.

The noble forests gave them untold wealth; for clapboards were shipped, also staves, shingles, hoops, barrels, and masts for vessel. Ship building began. In fact, the first craft of considerable size made in America was launched soon after Governor Winthrop arrived. It weighed thirty tons, and was christened *Blessing of the Bay*.³

Goats were the first live stock brought to New England, then sheep and cattle.⁴ Edward Winslow had the first horses; and soon the country was so well stocked with sheep, swine, and poultry, there was no more danger of famine.

The little town of Rowley began to manufacture woolen and cotton goods; and the busy New England mothers, who had worked their spinning-wheels from girlhood, learned to make thread and linen.

There was no money in circulation, so the people traded lace for vegetables, or swine for furniture, until they learned the exact value of

every marketable thing. That is how the Yankee learned to drive a bargain; and never has any race been more shrewd or saving.

Governor Winthrop did all he could to encourage trade. He was a gentleman whom all respected, well worth the monument erected to his memory in Scollay Square, Boston. He was badly treated by Thomas Dudley, his deputy, but he paid no heed to the abuse. Year after year, Dudley sneered at him. One day he turned to the Governor, and holding out his hand, said, in a very humble way, something that you boys and girls should not forget:—

“Winthrop, your overcoming yourself hath overcome me.”

Thomas Dudley, too, deserves credit for apologizing. He received his reward by being appointed Deputy Governor of Massachusetts Province thirteen times, and twice he was chosen governor.

Winthrop made his home as pleasant as possible for his family, and was very brave and uncomplaining when his little boy was drowned while playing. He served as governor for many years, and lived up to his position. His guests were received in his best room, which boasted of a Turkish carpet, tapestries, and heavy candlesticks; and

he served them food in the finest pewter dishes of that age.

Although he had made Boston the capital, he was not envious of the wonderful growth of Salem, whose sturdy sons were becoming noted sailors and privateers. Reared according to the strict Puritan doctrine, with the pillory, stocks, and whipping-posts staring at them from nearly every street corner, it is no wonder they preferred to get away from home; so, in time, the white sails of Salem vessels were found in every port in the world.⁵

CHAPTER IX

IN THE DAYS OF SIR HARRY VANE

No community ever becomes great that does not permit each grown person to have his own religious views. The early settlers in Massachusetts, although they had suffered from the narrow laws of James I, were really as prejudiced in their opinions as he. As a result, peace and prosperity did not come until their children grew up to manage affairs.

Poor disturbed John Endicott and John Winthrop kept visiting each other and planning how to rid Massachusetts of the heretics who were opposed to some of their teachings. They were all right, at heart, but they did not realize how every person naturally differs even from his own parents in certain things.

A Synod was held in Newtown, or Cambridge, which was attended by all the leading preachers and church members.¹ John Endicott, who was very large and powerful, roared against the shortcomings of the people. John Cotton—short and

stout, but equally enthusiastic—suggested ways to bring about reform.² John Wilson, another clergyman, also had much to say.³

They agreed to stamp out everything opposed to Puritan teachings. All persons who held opposing ideas were to be banished from the colony. All must meekly use the form of worship which the ministers had chosen.⁴ So you see this band of really great men were acting contrary to the principle that had prompted them to leave England and seek a country where they might worship as they pleased.

John Cotton was called the “Patriarch of New England.” He was once vicar of St. Botolph’s parish church in Boston, England, but left because he wanted a more strict and simple form of religion. They were glad to make him Bishop of the First Church of the new Boston, however, because of his vast learning and power of speech.

Richard Mather, the pastor in Dorchester, upheld John Cotton in many of his teachings.⁵ He was not quite so rigid in his views, doubtless remembering that he had been suspended for having had opinions of his own while preaching in England. He, nevertheless, was a wise and good man, the father of six distinguished sons, four of whom were clergymen.

It is interesting to know that his son, Increase Mather, married the daughter of John Cotton, and that they had a brilliant son whom they named Cotton.⁶ It was Increase Mather who, near the end of the seventeenth century, obtained a new charter for Massachusetts, under which he was given power to appoint governors and other public officers. His son, Cotton, tried to make the church the head of all affairs, but failed. This will give you an idea of the courage and assurance that marked certain members of this powerful family.

John Eliot, called the "Apostle to the Indians," was also a great preacher of this age, but he more properly might be called a missionary.⁷ He had the good sense to see that the Indians always would be hostile unless they were taught the Christian religion, and educated. So he made his home with them at Natick, which at that time had no white settlers. It is said that he aroused the interest of the various tribes by giving them apples and small presents. He learned their language, taught them hymns in their own tongue, and turned many of them into useful citizens.

Later on, Massachusetts had another governor, who did not exactly agree with the rules which the

clergymen were fighting to maintain. His name was Sir Harry Vane, one of the most pleasing characters in history.⁸ His father, a prominent nobleman, wanted Sir Harry to conform to the Church of England, and obey the rules of King Charles I. The boy absolutely refused, and joined the Puritans.

Sir Harry was only twenty-three when he came to Massachusetts to join the people of his choice. In honor to a gentleman of his rank, there was a grand salute of cannon and a flourish of trumpets.

He did not prove to be haughty and overbearing, but lovable and quite used to making the best of things. He did not please the clergymen very much, for he held that people properly reared should do as their conscience might dictate. Nevertheless, he is said to have been so popular that the people vied with one another in doing him honor. At the age of twenty-four, he was made Governor of Massachusetts Province; and it was Sir Harry Vane that broke the connection between Church and State, and struck the first note of personal liberty.

Among the colonists with independent ideas was Ann Hutchinson. She was the first woman lec-

turer and founder of women's clubs in the United States; some have gone so far as to suggest that she was the first suffragist.

So violent did Ann Hutchinson become in her attacks upon the clergy, she was tried for heresy. What long and bitter arguments they had! How Ann used her sharp but clever tongue! Sir Harry Vane agreed with her, but Ex-Governor Winthrop opposed her. Symmes, Lothrop, and all the notable preachers took sides either for or against her. All members of the Boston church were loyal to her except John Cotton, although many a time she had defended him. The general court decided that she was a disturber of the peace, and she was driven out of Massachusetts.⁹ Mrs. Hutchinson went into the wilds of Connecticut, where she and all her children but one were killed, not long after, in an Indian massacre.

Another so-called "disturber," who turned out to be one of the most powerful men of his day, was Roger Williams. He, too, had views of his own, and quite strong ones they were. He was given six weeks in which to depart from Massachusetts. Leaving his family behind, he wandered down to the land of the war-like Narragansetts, where he founded a settlement which, in great

thankfulness, he named Providence. There he founded the state of Rhode Island, which had no church doctrines, and which ever since has offered an abiding place for all creeds.¹⁰

Thomas Hooker, another man of broad judgment, with keen compassion for all his fellow men, also received his share of public censure. Although the ministers denounced him, and declared again and again that he was a heretic and would lose his heavenly reward, he insisted that everybody should have a voice in adjusting public affairs, whether or not he belonged to the church. Even Governor Winthrop, the most just man of that era, refused to hear his arguments. Thomas Hooker, after being driven out of Boston, journeyed to the present site of Hartford. There he founded the great State of Connecticut.¹¹

Although the clergy continued to hold to their strict teachings, many members of the church began to show keen interest in worldly things. When the ladies appeared at church, finer and finer in dress each Sunday, the preachers cried out louder and louder against their vanity; but they paid little more heed than the ladies of to-day.

One editor and clergyman wrote a long article,

which is still in existence, against the new style of millinery, as follows:—

“It is no wonder that women wear such head-gear on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing, as it seems, in the fore part but a few squirrel brains to help them to frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another.”

CHAPTER X

LUCY DOWNING PAVES THE WAY FOR HARVARD COLLEGE

WE owe to many people a debt of gratitude for Harvard University, the first place of higher learning in the United States; but it was really a lady who first suggested the idea of having such an institution for the purpose of educating American boys. At that time, it was not thought necessary for girls to know anything but house work and good manners.

Soon after Governor Winthrop had landed in America, he began to long for his sister, Lucy Downing. He wrote her urgent letters to join him in the new land of promise. She replied that she would be delighted to come if it were not for the fact that she desired her sons to receive a college education.

“We will found a college in Massachusetts Province,” said Winthrop. “Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies will send enough students to fill the building.”

At that time the Pequot War broke out, and Massachusetts colony had to go to much expense

to assist in subduing the bloodthirsty Indians.¹ The war occurred in the wild Connecticut country, and the white settlers there were saved by the timely aid of Massachusetts. Captain Mason of Windsor, Connecticut, was indeed pleased when nearly three hundred eastern soldiers joined him to put an end to the terrible Indian attacks. You can be sure that whenever the boys of the Old Bay State set out to do anything, no obstacle was big enough to block their way. Captain Mason and his soldiers chased the frightened Pequots, through marsh and thicket, to an old fort on the Mystic river. Then they set fire to the encampment, and made a fierce onslaught. Five or six hundred Indians were killed, while the whites lost only two men. The victory was such a relief to Massachusetts that, of course, she had to have another day of thanksgiving and rejoicing. In fact, she really had gained instead of losing; for she had organized the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military body in America, for home defense and the training of young soldiers.

Then John Winthrop continued his plan for establishing a place of higher learning. The first school in Massachusetts (founded in Plymouth),

and the second one (known as the Public Latin School, of Boston) were very good for their kind; but they did not prepare boys for advanced positions in life.²

An assembly was held, and money was voted to establish a college. Sir Harry Vane was president of the meeting, and did everything in his power to further the cause. It was agreed to erect the first building on the beautiful meadowlands of Newtown, where some of the early settlers of Boston had their country homes; and to call the place Cambridge, in honor of the old university town in England.

John Harvard, a minister at Charlestown, died, not long after, leaving half of his small estate and three hundred books to the new institution. In gratitude to his memory, the college was named in his honor; and Harvard University came into existence.³

Sir Harry Vane might have done much more for this seat of learning, but he felt that he must return to England. Oliver Cromwell was ruling that country as Lord Protector; but he was as narrow and unjust as the Stuart Kings. He became angry at Sir Harry for writing criticisms against the church and for encouraging people to

stand up for their own rights. He sent him to prison many times, but Sir Harry kept on writing and talking against the injustice of the ruler and the prevailing religion.

When Charles II, a king as bad as James I, came to the throne, one of the first things he did was to create false charges against Sir Harry Vane. In spite of his powerful family, Sir Harry was dragged from his cell and executed publicly. His last words were in defense of religious and political freedom.⁴

The work on Harvard College was continued under Henry Dunster, the first president. Such a quaint little building as it was, yet how thoughtfully arranged! The admission of Indian boys was permitted, and, in a short time, eight of them were enrolled.

Not long after, Harvard College received a valuable gift—the first printing press in America, which was set up in President Dunster's house.⁵ A man named Glover had been selected to bring it to Cambridge, and to be the founder of printing in New England; but he died during the voyage, and Mrs. Glover had to see that the press was delivered to Mr. Dunster. She was so brave in her sorrow and so helpful in explaining the press that

the good president of the college fell in love, and, finally, married her.

“The Bay State Psalm Book,” the first volume to be printed, was published a few years later on this Cambridge press; followed by a translation of the Bible in the Indian language.

John Winthrop’s sister, Lucy Downing, brought her sons to Massachusetts, and they were educated at Harvard. Right there it was proven that an American education is a splendid thing; for brilliant George Downing returned to England, and became a friend of the powerful Cromwell. He married a sister of Viscount Morpeth who, later, became the Earl of Carlisle. Cromwell sent the young man to Paris on diplomatic business, and soon he was appointed ambassador to The Hague. Although he became Sir George Downing, and was widely respected in England, he never forgot old Harvard. His sister Anne became the second wife of Governor Bradstreet, who came into prominence long after Winthrop and Vane had begun to help make Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XI

PERSECUTION OF THE QUAKERS

WITH increasing prosperity, the early settlers of Massachusetts grew more and more fond of having their own way. They adopted what they called the "Body of Liberties," and, independent of their mother country, kept on governing themselves.¹ Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, during his term of office had rather admired their courage. After conquering Jamaica, he asked the people of New England to send a colony there, to defend and develop it. He said he would allow them free rent for seven years, after which they might pay the English government one penny annually for every acre of land in use. No duties or taxes were to be assessed for four years, and they were to ride to Jamaica, free of charge, in six fine vessels furnished by England; but when he added that he would appoint the governor and all the other officials, Massachusetts was the first to refuse his proposal.

"We will not go," they agreed, "for we have better prospects here, and are doing things as we please."

There was so much work to be done in every line of business that some thought it would be a great help to have negro slaves; but the Puritan fathers were so much opposed to the idea that, when the first slave was sent from Guinea, they seized him and shipped him back home.²

Good John Winthrop's death was a great loss to the colony; but, by this time, there were so many able citizens in Massachusetts, the loss of one leader did not retard her progress.

They decided that they must have money to put in circulation, so they established a mint, which was a very bold thing for them to do without consulting England.³ It took them a long time to become familiar with the new coins, most of which were made of Spanish silver; and John Hull, the mint master, was almost worried to death with his many duties. For several years after the mint began to operate, most of the ministers continued to be paid in corn for their services. No one drew a very large salary; and it is said that the highest paid man in New England was Mr. Thatcher, of Weymouth.

It may seem odd to you that although the Puritans had come to New England to escape persecution, they were always ready to punish those who

did not agree with them; but you must remember that they had been taught to hold decided opinions concerning right and wrong. Therefore, they were much vexed when nearly three hundred Scotchmen, with their broader views regarding religion and government, landed in Boston. These unfortunate people, upon their release from the prison to which Cromwell had sentenced them, came directly to America, much to the lasting good of our country.⁴ Devout Baptists and Presbyterians followed them, with their many opposing ideas; but the crisis was reached when the Quakers began to arrive.

The first of these Quakers to appear in Massachusetts were Anne Austin and Mary Fisher, who had sailed from the Barbadoes.⁵ They wore such odd coverings on their heads and used such queer forms of expression that everybody laughed at them; but, finally, the Puritans became much concerned.

“They are heretics! To jail with them!” they cried.

So the two frail women were placed in a mean cell, and a board was nailed across the dingy window, that heresy might not befoul the air of Massachusetts. They seemed to have no friend except Nicholas Upsal, who took them food and

told them not to lose heart. For his kindness, the officials fined him heavily, and banished him from the colony as they had done Roger Williams and others. He, too, wandered into Rhode Island, where the oppressed ones of every race were sure to find welcome.

What a busy time the magistrates had with the Quakers, for years to follow! Hardly had the two women been shipped back to the Barbadoes when others of their religious faith arrived. They were imprisoned for many weeks, then shipped back to the place from whence they had come.

A year later, two more prominent Quakers were given a chance to test New England hospitality. One of them was Anne Burden, who had come on a business trip; the other, Mary Dyer, who was on her way to meet her husband, a much respected citizen of Rhode Island. Both were put in jail, but later released, Anne to go to London, and Mary to join her husband in Rhode Island.

The General Court then passed strict laws to rid the colony of Quaker visitors. If a man should return after being driven away, he should have one ear cut off, and be imprisoned for a long time; while a Quaker woman should be severely whipped in public and sent away. If the offender should

return again, his tongue should be bored with a red-hot iron.

Immediately, the Quakers began pouring into Massachusetts; for it was their belief that they must go where persecution threatened them. Moreover, it was a part of their creed to be gentle and uncomplaining under torture, that they might win a home in heaven. So when Mary Clarke and others were beaten, no hand was raised to defend them. In some cases they were sold as slaves, but still they continued to come. For a time, it was really puzzling to know who were persecuted more—the Quakers or the Puritans.

When Katherine Scott was lashed, she turned to the officials and said, with no look or tone of hatred:—

“If God call us here, woe be to us if we come not!”

Suddenly the Quakers seemed to forsake their meek ways, and became energetic preachers. Elizabeth Horton at Cambridge and George Wilson at Boston went through the streets screaming: “The Lord is coming with fire and sword to destroy sinners!” Thomas Newhouse even went so far as to enter the Boston meeting-house and break a bottle into a thousand bits. “Thus will

the Lord break you in pieces!” he shouted again and again as they were throwing him out.

To put an end to these hostilities, the Puritans began to hang Quakers on old Boston Common.⁶ The prisoners went to the gallows hand in hand, with halters around their necks; and if they attempted to speak to the public, drums were beaten to drown out their voices. Mary Dyer left her peaceful home in Rhode Island and returned to Boston, where her desire to die the death of a martyr was satisfied, for she, too, was hanged. Her last words were:—

“In obedience to the command of God, I came; and I will abide faithful to the end.”

King Charles II put an end to these horrors by sending a powerful Quaker subject to Massachusetts to forbid further persecutions, much to the joy of the best people, who were angry with the magistrates and sorry for the miserable Quakers.

CHAPTER XII

KING PHILIP'S WAR

WHEN peace and progress seemed to be permanent, the colonists suddenly found themselves face to face with a new danger. Boston had connected Cambridge with the first great American bridge,¹ she had completed the plans for a new Castle to guard the harbor,² and had built other imposing structures; now she again had to turn her attention to warfare. King Philip was coming with his legions of savage Indians to burn and massacre!³

Massasoit, Chief of the Wampanoags, had remained true to his treaty with the Plymouth settlers to the day of his death; but his son, Philip, who succeeded him, was not a man of honor. In truth, he was cruel and treacherous, and quite disposed to begin his reign by murdering all the white people and destroying their property; although, for a few years after his father's death, he appeared to be friendly.

Like other Indian braves, King Philip, as he was

called, could run nearly a hundred miles a day with little effort. So it was not difficult for him to speed from tribe to tribe, stirring up hatred against the palefaces. The Indian men, who were very lazy, would sit around their blazing fires, when they had finished hunting, while the women and girls would drag the game home, erect wigwams, or care for the babies. Truly, the Indian women had a very hard time of it; for the men beat and abused them a great deal, especially when under the influence of "fire-water," or whiskey, which the traders gave them.

These early Indians were a savage lot, and very fierce did they look in their war-paint, or dressed in the skins of wild beasts, moccasins, and ornaments of shells and stones, their straight black hair full of feathers. When the supply of deer, moose, corn, squashes, and beans was exhausted, they would eat wild fruits, nuts, acorns, and even reptiles.

King Philip, because of his famous father, was much respected by the powerful Narragansetts; and soon he had them getting their axes, tomahawks, wooden spears, and knives ready for battle. What was more to be feared, the traders had sold them fire-arms, which they used almost entirely in the bloody massacres that were to follow.

For a time, the colonists did not know the plot laid by the hostile Indians, for they were too much disturbed by the arrival of Edmund Randolph, whom King Charles II sent over to pry into New England affairs. Randolph was a great mischief-maker, and he sailed across the ocean many times, back and forth, carrying secret information to the King. He was the cause of the Crown taking away the charter of the colonists, and he made trouble that lasted for years.

The Indian plot was nearly completed when the Plymouth colony sent some representatives to King Philip to ask if he meant to break the treaty made by his father. He denied that he was unfriendly, but, finally, he confessed his treachery, gave up several score of muskets, and signed another treaty in which he promised to keep the peace. Soon, however, the Indians were disturbing the white settlers again, and Philip had to sign another treaty, which was barely accomplished when he went forth and urged the various tribes, including four thousand Narragansett braves, to carry on the war. Did you ever hear of anything more treacherous? This proves that a son does not always inherit the noble traits of his father.

Philip concluded that it would be best to wait two or three years for the big massacre, that his

Indian army might be larger and better prepared. Before the time arrived, John Sassaman, one of John Eliot's Indian students at Natick, got into trouble, and sought refuge with Philip. While living with him, he learned of the proposed massacre, and at once returned to Natick to tell the Christian Indians.

Good John Eliot, the first American missionary, was very much discouraged, for he had tried hard to keep peace between the two races. He had influenced whole families of Indians to fear God, and had translated the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer into their language. He had taught them agriculture and many other useful things. It has been said that he organized the first industrial school in America. He also wrote the Bible in their language, which was one of the first books published in the colonies after the introduction of the printing-press. John Eliot immediately warned the authorities at Boston.

When King Philip learned that the white colonists had been informed of his wicked plan, he ordered war at once. With blood-curdling yells, the Indians sallied forth in all directions. At Swansea, they killed several people and most of the live stock, and smashed and plundered the houses. Poor John Sassaman, the Indian

preacher at Natick who had spread the alarm, was killed and thrown into a pond; but the crime was avenged when three of the savages who had committed the deed were taken to Plymouth and hanged.

Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies organized their little armies for prompt action. The Boston regiment of a hundred men volunteered to defend Swansea; but before it had arrived, the Plymouth force had scattered the enemy, killing six Indians.

The people of Brookfield were surprised by the dreaded savages, and fled to their fortified house built of logs. The men fired through loop-holes and killed a number of advancing foes; but they would have been burnt alive by the devouring flames created by the torches of the redskins, had it not been for a drenching rain that put a stop to the conflagration. In a few days, the Indians fell upon them again, more determined than before. They destroyed the town, and returned to King Philip and his party of forty men, women and children, gathered in a swamp, close by, where they held a frightful war-dance, in celebration of their victory.

“The Flower of Essex,” consisting of Captain Beers and his band of Boston soldiers, were attacked while carrying provisions to Northfield and

other stricken towns. The Captain was killed, and many of his brave men, much to the horror of the white settlers.

Captain Lathrop, of Salem, and eighty soldiers went to Deerfield with teams, to get several thousand bushels of corn which were stacked in the meadows. On their return, while stopping to rest at Sugar Loaf Mountain, seven hundred Indians in war paint pounced upon them. Nearly all of the soldiers, including Captain Lathrop, were killed, and their bodies hacked with knives and tomahawks.

In the midst of this bloody victory, Captain Mosely, to whom news had been brought at Deerfield of the massacre, rushed upon the savages with his gallant men. A fierce battle followed, in the midst of which Captain Mosely found, to his despair, that their supply of powder was exhausted. Then came a volley of well-aimed shots. Nearly two hundred other soldiers had arrived to lend their assistance. With true Yankee grit, the colonists fought their dusky foes until the few remaining ones limped from sight.

Have you heard of the "White Angel" who ran into the palisade at Hadley one day, while several hundred Indians were attacking it? He was a great, strong man, and so full of courage that the

tired townsmen fought with renewed energy. He fired more shots than any other man while he laughed and joked. When the savages had been repulsed, the rescuing "White Angel" went away and was never seen by the Hadley people again. Years later, it was learned that King Charles II of England had offered a big reward for the return of the "White Angel," who was one of the judges that had condemned his father, Charles I, to be beheaded. His real name was Major General William Goffe.

Poor John Eliot and his "Praying Indians," as they were called, suffered much at the hands of the furious white settlers. It was really small wonder that all redskins were suspected at that time, although it is said that the followers of Missionary Eliot were true to their trust, even though they were taken from their homes at Natick and compelled to camp on Deer Island, in Boston harbor.

King Philip lost heart when the powerful Narragansetts were almost wiped from the earth, down in Rhode Island. To add to his misery, his allies began to desert him, and he fled. Soon after, he returned to his old home at Mount Hope, having lost his wife and child during his wanderings. An Indian named Alderman had been watching his movements for many days. He was resolved

to kill King Philip because that powerful leader had slain his brother, and an Indian never forgets an injury done to his people. So one day, with Captain Church and his men, he penetrated the swamp where King Philip was hiding, and slew him without mercy. His body was quartered, and one hand was given to Alderman.⁴

The death of King Philip did not stop the wretched war; but the Indians were beginning to realize that white men were hard to conquer.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW MASSACHUSETTS ENTERTAINED THE FIRST ROYAL GOVERNOR

ENGLAND had made up her mind that Andros, the new Royal Governor, should unite the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies; moreover, that he should rule New York, New Jersey, and Acadia. Imagine the feelings of the New Englanders when they learned that their charter had been annulled, and when the Royal Governor arrived to rule them with an iron rod.¹

What a pompous, overbearing creature was Andros! How he strutted around with his big hat and scarlet coat, and insulted the Puritan colonists that had ruled themselves for half a century!² He boasted that he was, also, Governor of the Netherlands, which he had conquered for England; and that he was surely powerful enough to keep the head-strong Massachusetts colony in check. He turned the General Court out of office; and even went so far as to insist that when King Charles II annulled the charter, their lands be-

came the property of the Crown. In order to live in Massachusetts, one must pay heavy taxes on the property he thought he owned. Everything really belonged to England and Governor Andros, according to the bragging of this much hated official. He enforced the Navigation Laws which the Mother Country had been making from time to time, rendering it impossible for Massachusetts ships to carry goods to any country but England, and so injuring commerce.

The Puritans got a taste of their own medicine when Andros proclaimed that only the Episcopal form of worship would be permitted. For a time, he and his soldiers worshiped in the Old South Meeting House of Boston, compelling the regular members to keep out of their way. Then he decided that he would build a finer church for his Episcopal subjects; and the first King's Chapel was erected.³

Increase Mather went to England to beg for the recall of Andros, and permission for Massachusetts to rule herself again; but England appeared anxious for Andros to stay where he was.

One day, young Jack Winslow returned from a voyage to the British West Indies, and reported all over Boston that William III of Orange had ascended the throne of England. There was great

rejoicing at the news. Indeed, it seems strange that the devout Puritans did not appoint another public thanksgiving. They knew that William III would rule them justly, and that he had little regard for Governor Andros.

When the news of William's ascension to the throne reached his ears, the Royal Governor began to roar like a caged lion. He rushed down to Fort Hill, which he himself had built, and sent his men out to deny the story of Jack Winslow. He had the poor boy put in prison, while he dashed wildly about, with fluttering curls and laces, furiously denying the truth of Jack's news. You can imagine his confusion, later, when the Declaration of William III of Orange was placed in his hands.⁴

Then Jack Winslow was released, amid a demonstration from the people, who cheered and made merry to such an extent that the angry Governor ordered his Royal Frigate *Rose*, fully armed, to sail into Boston harbor. This action aroused the people as nothing else could have done. They seized several of the Governor's pet officials and locked them in jail, to take Jack Winslow's place.

"Hurrah for King William!" they shouted.
"Down with Andros!"

Andros was beginning to be frightened now as well as angry; so he ran up a flag of truce on the

Frigate Rose, all the time calling the Boston people names that were by no means flattering.

A few days later, the Puritan leaders came out on the balcony of the historic Old State House, and read what was called the "Declaration of Rights." In a loud voice, the reader avowed that the people of Massachusetts would govern themselves until word was received from His Majesty, King William III.

Some of the crowd wanted to hang Andros, and he ran back to the fort as fast as his thin legs could carry him. Then the mob stormed the fort, but no shot was returned in defense. At last, the people grew so bold, they climbed on the Frigate Rose and pointed her guns straight at the fort, where poor Andros was shaking in terror. Then they went still further by making the frigate and the fort surrender. Before the day was over, they had the Royal Governor a prisoner in his own fort. How Jack Winslow must have enjoyed it all!

A "Convention of Freemen" was called, at which Massachusetts renewed her old government, and arranged to call back the former General Court and elect her own governor.

Andros tried to escape, several times; but he was caught and rudely escorted back to his cell. There is a tradition that on one occasion he put on

women's clothes and might easily have escaped, had he not met a shrewd old lady who noticed his boots sticking out under his petticoats, and recognized the shape of his hooked nose.

None too soon for his comfort, Andros was sent back to England, where King William III heard his sad tale, and decided that he was to be pitied; and he smiled in amusement at the Puritans who had returned with Andros, to make sure that he told no lies about Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XIV

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS

KING WILLIAM III granted Massachusetts a new charter, but it was by no means a satisfactory one. He ordained that Massachusetts, Plymouth, Maine, and Acadia (now called Nova Scotia) should be one great colony. Another maddening fact was his declaration that Royal Governors of his appointing should continue to rule them. The colonists might retain their General Court, but proper citizenship—not the church—should be its foundation. Then he almost broke their hearts by adding that all laws must be approved by him before they could be enacted. Poor Massachusetts found herself almost as helpless as she had been when Andros held sway!

In due time, the King appointed another Royal Governor, the only one of the long line of rulers who was born in New England. Massachusetts had a good laugh; for the choice fell on Sir William Phips, who lived in one of the first brick

houses built in Boston—one that boasted of a cupola. He was a bad-tempered, unpopular little man, with a big head and mighty opinions. It is said that when he could not get a man to agree with him, he made short work of the situation by trying to knock him down. He was a poor speller and a very tiresome talker.

William Phips was born in Maine, the youngest of twenty-six children. His father was a blacksmith, and had a hard time trying to support such a regiment of little Phipses. William built a vessel, which was called a "coaster," and sailed forth to see the world. He first stopped at Boston, where he married a widow and settled down for a while; but his love of adventure was again revealed when he heard of an English treasure ship that had sunk. He asked the King's permission to recover the lost property. The King consented, and Phips, after a difficult time of it, succeeded in saving a great quantity of precious materials, amounting to much over a million dollars.

The King was so much pleased that he gave Phips one hundred thousand dollars, and made him an English knight. He, also, presented Mrs. Phips with a gold cup worth several thousand dollars.

During the long war between France and Eng-



"Why—why don't you speak for yourself, John?" (Page 28)

land, Sir William Phips had a chance to add more glory to his name, for the King sent him on an expedition to Port Royal, in Canada. This place was held by the French, and the English were anxious to capture it.

Phips left Boston with eight ships containing seven hundred men. It is said that the French greatly feared the "Bostonians," having heard that they were great in numbers, strong in battle, and of many occupations and religious creeds.

Thanks to his able assistants, Phips took Port Royal and other French settlements on the Acadian coast, and returned in less than a month, bringing prisoners and valuables.¹ For a time, England rang with his praises, and it was thought that he was the man to conquer all Canada. However, he was unable to justify this opinion when, with his famous Massachusetts fighters, he attempted to conquer Quebec. The French were determined to hold the city, and they made a splendid fight in its defense. Phips, who was accustomed to having his own way, confused his army with many opposing commands, and caused wild firing of cannon and useless waste of ammunition. He lost two hundred men, and took the rest back suffering from an epidemic of small-pox.

He was the most unpopular man in Massachu-

setts when the King appointed him Royal Governor.²

By this time, the glamour of title and wealth was beginning to allure the colonists. A steady increase of prosperity, in spite of French and Indian wars, was causing the people of Massachusetts to dress almost as well as the English nobility.³ They paid much attention to the new Royal Governor and Lady Phips, whom they entertained in houses said to be finer than those of any other city outside of London.

The Phips home was a court in itself, and the scene of many splendid social affairs. Although the strict old Puritan government had passed a law forbidding any man with less than a thousand dollars to walk the streets in great boots, the young cavaliers of the time, who dressed themselves luxuriously from a small income, appeared in well-made boots with flaring tops; and later, in silken hose and fancy slippers. Although the Massachusetts legislature denounced wigs, and Reverend Mr. Noyes and John Eliot attacked them from the pulpit, all the bald-headed men wore them! and many others, too—the Reverend John Cotton and the Reverend John Wilson among the number.

The Royal Governors had brought pomp and

vanity in their train, which the children of the Pilgrim Fathers were beginning to approve. A gentleman of the time must have in his wardrobe a change of satin coats with flowers of blue and gold, a scarlet coat with silver buttons, several pairs of damask breeches, rapiers and silver belts, fine shirts and kerchiefs and cravats and ruffles and ribbons, a diamond ring, a gorgeous snuff-box—and a wig!

CHAPTER XV

WITCHCRAFT

ABOUT this time, Massachusetts was much disturbed over the question of witchcraft.¹ A great many people seem to lay the whole blame upon Salem; but if you will inquire into the subject, you will find that in Boston, Springfield, and other places, people were also suspected of being witches, and cruelly persecuted. Salem, however, was the center of this peculiar excitement. In these days, no boy or girl would believe in such a thing as witchcraft, for it is a silly, superstitious idea, that possibly came from a lack of suitable reading and recreation; but at that time the world was much less enlightened, and superstition abounded.

Some nervous, excitable children began the trouble by falling into spasms and screaming whenever they happened to meet some queer-looking old dame. They made such a disturbance that their parents were almost distracted, and the doctors and preachers did not know what to do. If

these children had been spanked soundly for their whims, the lives of many innocent people might have been spared.

Should some poor old lady live quietly by herself, her neighbors would begin immediately to say that she was very peculiar in her ways and certainly must be a witch. Then they would go further by hinting that, possibly, she was visited by evil spirits at night, and that she rode about on a broom when no one was looking. You can imagine the gossip that was stirred up over any trifling event that could easily have been explained.

Like an epidemic, the superstition of witchcraft spread over the country until everybody was likely to be suspected, even to strong men and pious women. Case after case was tried by the magistrates, and at one time a hundred of these supposed witches were in jail awaiting trial. Many of them were pronounced guilty. Although they cried and wrung their hands and declared their innocence, they were hanged in public.

One of the first victims to go to the gallows was Margaret Jones, who, like Mary Dyer, the Quakeress, gave up her life in Boston. Magistrate Hibbens, who sentenced her to death, had his sin return on his own head, later, and no one felt sorry

for him. He might have saved the poor frightened wretch, but he thought hanging was a good way to rid Massachusetts of unclean spirits. Hibbens had a wife who was very much liked in Boston. She was a relative of Richard Bellingham, then Deputy Governor of the Province, and very prominent in social affairs. Before long, wealthy people began to be suspected as well as humbler folk; and, at last, the rumor was whispered about concerning the wife of the superstitious magistrate:—

“Mrs. Hibbens is a witch, too. How queer she is becoming! Evil spirits are entering her body.”

This was not the first case where death resulted from the breath of scandal; and Mrs. Hibbens was at once foredoomed to destruction. Although her husband tried hard to save her, calling to his aid all his wealthy and powerful friends, she was hanged, eight years after he had sentenced poor Margaret Jones.

At this time, several children belonging to John Goodwin, a mason, began to twitch and scream, and act so peculiarly that their parents were sure they had fallen under an evil spell. The next thing to do was to find the one who had bewitched them. Everybody was questioned, and it was agreed that the guilty one must be the mother of their laun-

dress, poor "Goody" Glover, who was strange in her manners. Without a chance to defend herself, the old woman was put in a cart and hurried away to the gallows. Cotton Mather tried his best to save her; but the Mathers could do very little in such a period of unreasoning excitement.

John Proctor, of the town now called Peabody, a calm and just man, boldly declared that the idea of witchcraft was an offense to God, and that the people who persecuted the witches were really the ones that attracted unclean spirits. When his servant, Mary Warren, was tried as a witch, he boldly denounced the magistrates and all who believed such wicked things of godly people. He and his good wife with many of their relatives were imprisoned, and, in order to make the example as horrible as possible, his farm was stripped by the sheriff, and he was hanged.

At Danvers, then known as Salem village, a little girl nine years old, named Elizabeth Parris, became much interested in sorcery and witchcraft. Her father, Samuel Parris, who was a preacher, began to hunt around for the person who had brought wicked spirits into his own upright household. In this case, Tituba, a half Indian slave, was the unfortunate victim. Mr. Parris preached a sermon from his pulpit concerning the great curse

that was making the last half of the seventeenth century the most horrible epoch in history.

After this, other children began having fits, and the blame was laid on two of the best women in the church, Rebecca Nourse and Martha Corey, both of whom were hanged. The home of Rebecca Nourse still stands; and there are many people to-day who will tell you that no better woman ever gave up her life in the cause of silly superstition.

Many persons, at that time, began to hide themselves in their homes, lest they might be suspected. As a result, others believed that they were conducting themselves strangely in solitude, and branded them as witches. You must not think that the persecutors were entirely to blame; for, even in our generation the most fearful experiences are apt to occur if people do not keep cool heads and a belief in the sincerity of their fellow men.

The clergy did not escape, for the Reverend George Burroughs was accused; and a warrant was sent to Maine for his arrest. Giles Corey, an old man sixty years of age, died a martyr, on the scaffold, his body covered with many weights. To the last, he refused to plead his cause.

However, witchcraft received its death-blow when it penetrated the circle of which Sir William Phips was the center. Hezekiah Usher, a promi-

nent magistrate, and Mrs. Hale, the wife of a noted Beverly preacher, were accused of being ministers of Satan, and common witches. Sir William was awake to the awful crisis which Massachusetts was facing; and he flew into a spasm of rage that anyone should dare to accuse his associates of such a vulgar thing. He protested louder than ever when the scandal entered his own home, and Lady Phips was accused of being a witch, like "Goody" Glover and scores of others who had been abused and hanged. He is the one who stopped this terrible frenzy, which ever since has been a sad blot on the history of the state. The better class of people never forgave him for his early negligence, and he was summoned back to England by the King to answer whole volumes of charges that had been brought against him. His romantic life ended abruptly and sorrowfully; for he died soon after his arrival there.

CHAPTER XVI

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

ALL this time, Indian massacres were raging along the northern and western borders of New England. "King Philip's War" had merged into the "French and Indian War." This was a part of the "Seven Years' War" going on in Europe, in which France, with Austria and Russia, was fighting England and Prussia.

Both France and England were determined to increase their holdings in America. The power of the French was broken, however, when the English General, James Wolfe, defeated the French General, Marquis de Montcalm, in a battle at Quebec, during which both of these brave leaders lost their lives. Four years later, France surrendered to England all her Canadian possessions as well as those west of the Mississippi river; and the English became supreme in America.

During this great war, some of the Indians sided with the English; others, with the French. The people of New England suffered many bar-

barous attacks from those Indians who hated the English and were espousing the cause of France. There are many tales of horror connected with this war that are better left untold; for after what you have learned concerning the gloomy days of witchcraft, you need to see the cheerful side of colonial life. However, in order to do justice to the brave defenders of Massachusetts, it is necessary to tell of their sufferings during this great struggle.

Many Indian stories still cling to the city of Haverhill, a settlement which was named by its first preacher, John Ward, a brilliant scholar from old Cambridge, in England.¹ The early history of Salem shows that it was inhabited by the Puritans, who went to their little church each Sunday, at the beating of a drum; and sat with their prayer-books in one hand, praising God, and their muskets in the other, defying the redskins.

One day, two boys, named Joseph Whittaker and Isaac Bradley, were working in a field, near the home of the latter.² They were whistling and chattering and enjoying themselves as boys do when, suddenly, they looked up to find themselves surrounded by a band of wild Indians. They had no chance to run, and were too much frightened to defend themselves. The burly savages seized

them, tied their hands behind them, and hurried them away. They learned that they were to be taken to Canada, hundreds of miles distant, where they would be prisoners the rest of their lives.

During the entire winter, the two lads pursued their dismal journey, cold, footsore, and disgusted with Indian food. They had grown quite accustomed to being beaten, but could not overcome the pangs of homesickness that seemed to increase each minute.

One dark night, while they were grieving over their plight, they suddenly discovered that their guard was not on duty. Quick as a flash, they sprang up and ran, at the top of their speed, into the forest. In a moment, however, the Indians observed that their prisoners had escaped, and there was a general alarm. The boys could hear, in the distance, excited shouts and the barking of dogs. Realizing that Indians could run faster than any white boy in Massachusetts, they looked about for some place of concealment.

"Here is a hollow tree!" gasped Whittaker.
"It is big enough to hold us both!"

They climbed into it quickly, and clung to each other, awaiting their fate.

"The dogs have followed us," whispered Brad-

ley. "Let us give them the venison we brought from camp."

So they threw out the meat, and the dogs snapped it up and trotted away peaceably to join their masters, who had disappeared from hearing.

When the sounds of pursuit had died down, the two boys wandered on through the forest. They went on and on for at least two hundred miles, in a direction which they thought led toward Haverhill. Imagine their surprise when, finally, they reached Fort Saco, in Maine. There they were cared for, however, until they had recovered from their bitter experience, and sent back safely to their homes.

Haverhill seems to have been especially hated by the Indians favoring the French. During one of the fiercest attacks on that unfortunate village, brave Hannah Dustin was captured.³ When the first alarm was raised, her husband ran home and warned his large family. Gathering together as many of his children as he could, he hurried them to safety. Hannah was taking care of her baby, at the time, and the nurse was with her. They were too much startled to follow Mr. Dustin; and before they could manage to escape, the Indians were there, destroying and burning everything

around them. Several seized the two women and forced them along, while others soon had the Dustin home enveloped in a mass of roaring flames.

When poor Mrs. Dustin had trudged along fully twelve miles, her captors saw that the infant she held to her breast kept her from walking faster. Shocking to relate! they killed it without mercy. No one will ever know the agony of Hannah Dustin during her long walk of one hundred and fifty miles. She came of Puritan stock, however, and possessed a brave spirit. In her wigwam, she planned to return to Haverhill and find out the fate of her family.

One night, when the Indians had lain down to sleep off their drunken stupor, Hannah—with the aid of her servant, and a young white boy, also a captive—killed ten of them with their own hatchets. Only one or two escaped.

A grand celebration was held in Haverhill upon her return, and the state legislature gave her quite a sum of money and a letter commending her bravery. A monument to her memory has been erected in Haverhill; and all the children of that great manufacturing city are familiar with the story of Hannah Dustin's sad and hazardous journey through the forests of New England, and her triumphant return.

Another monument in Haverhill pays tribute to the beloved pastor of the village, Benjamin Rolfe, who lost his life in a later massacre. While he was reading in his library, the Indians rushed into the house and slew the good man and his wife with tomahawks. Hager, their maid, fled to the cellar, where she hid the two little Rolfe children and herself under tubs and barrels, and thus escaped death. That was a dreadful night in Haverhill, for the Indians had been encouraged by the French to do all the harm they could to English settlers.

Indeed, the reign of Queen Anne of England was a frightful period for the Americans on the border of the Massachusetts Province. Deerfield suffered more than its share of hardships; but the most disastrous event in its history occurred seven years after the attack on Haverhill in which Hannah Dustin distinguished herself.⁴

One early winter morning, the inhabitants were surprised by the Indian allies of the French commander, Hertel de Rouville. They had no time to rush to the palisade for protection, for the redskins were already dragging them from their beds. Those who defended themselves were slain

without mercy, and the whole village was soon enveloped in flames.

The Williams family was the first to suffer. Mr. Williams, the revered pastor of the church, was attacked by a score of Indians, and although he fought desperately, they eventually succeeded in binding him, after which they taunted and tortured him for over an hour because he had resisted them. Before his eyes they killed two of his children and a negro servant, and then compelled Mrs. Williams, who was an invalid, to rise from her bed and dress herself.

In the meantime, Captain Stoddard, their neighbor, escaped barefooted, to tell Hatfield that Deerfield was in flames and nearly half a hundred people killed by the Indians. Before help could reach the stricken village, Hertel de Rouville had gathered his prisoners together, including the Williams family, and had started them on their long trip to Canada. Quite a number of the captives were so weak and frightened that the savages murdered them as a warning to the others that they must walk faster or share the same fate.

The Hatfield men overtook the wretched procession; but so many of them were killed in the dreadful fight that followed, the remaining ones fled to the hills. The French commander had no mercy

on his prisoners, although their feet were bleeding, and their strength almost exhausted. Mrs. Williams fell fainting, and was slain with a hatchet. So many gave out that the commander, finally, had the Indians prepare sledges for the sick captives and small children. Mr. Williams lost several other children during the pilgrimage, but clung with all his might to his little son, Stephen, who afterwards told the story of what was considered the most cruel act that marked the French and Indian war.

When the Deerfield prisoners reached Canada, the French people treated them kindly. At Montreal, the Governor showed Mr. Williams every consideration, and ransomed him and his children as well as nearly sixty other prisoners. They were put on board a government ship and sent to Boston.

Although Deerfield was still the victim of Indian attacks, the pastor accepted an earnest invitation to return to his parish, even though he might experience other misfortunes. To the day of his death, he was constantly striving to recover the children he had lost during that miserable march to Canada. He finally learned that his daughter Eunice had been treated kindly by the tribe of Indians into whose hands she had fallen. They

refused to give her up, and she was so young that she soon learned their ways and grew attached to them. Years later, dressed as a squaw, she came with a party of Indians to visit Deerfield; but no one could induce her to remain. Afterwards, she married one of the same tribe, and became the mother of a large family.

Strange as it may seem, her father's courage was not broken by his misfortune, for we learn that he married again and reared another family of children. Happy and contented, he reached a good old age, in the house given him by the kind-hearted citizens of Deerfield.

CHAPTER XVII

LOUISBURG

THERE was a great commotion in the Old Bay State. Bells were ringing, drums were beating, and whistles were blowing. Waves of excitement were spreading east and west, for the stalwart sons of Massachusetts had resolved to take part in the French and Indian War. They meant to sail to Canada and show the hated French Governors that, notwithstanding the Indian massacres, there were many sturdy men left in the colonies who were ready to fight for their state and their king.

William Shirley, the Royal Governor, not only admired their spunk, but was personally preparing to take a hand in the fight. The man of greatest importance, however, was Commander William Pepperell, a ship-builder and merchant, who was placed in charge of the expedition. The colonists agreed that he was rightly named, for his every word and movement suggested pepper. No one could doubt his daring; for had he not given his bride, the grand-daughter of Judge Sewell, a big hoopskirt for a wedding present?

Roger Wolcott was second in command to William Pepperell, with the rank of Major General. The objective point was Louisburg, which William Vaughan, a Maine fisherman, had declared might be easily taken. Louisburg was the seat of a powerful fortress, which had been built by the French on the coast of Cape Breton, a part of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, as it is now called. The Massachusetts army, with forces from Connecticut and New Hampshire, wished to take Louisburg, and thus assist England in her plan to subdue the French.

About four thousand men sailed from Boston harbor on this memorable expedition. Sir Peter Warren, a British commander, had charge of the little navy; while Commander Pepperell and his militia, although hungry and half clad, did most of the work. They were joyously surprised when Louisburg raised a flag of surrender.

Boston was almost beside herself with delight when the brave Massachusetts army came sailing home. This time, there must have been hundreds of thanksgiving dinners; for New England had shown the Mother Country how well she could fight. The Crown gave Sir Peter Warren the position of Admiral; while Sir William Pepperell became the head of the army—the first man born in Massachusetts to receive a title.¹

The French were extremely angry over the victory. To think that proud Louisburg should fall by the hands of Yankee fishermen! They must recapture the fortress, or the triumphant colonists would next be attacking Quebec. They must immediately start an expedition to Massachusetts for the express purpose of burning Boston, the proudest city of the Bay State.

The Yankees, however, were not accustomed to wait for their enemies to attack them. Boston Common was soon a camp for thousands of soldiers gathered to defend their capital city. The French, notwithstanding their dire threats, never reached Boston; for a storm overtook their fleet, and dashed the proud vessels against one another until most of them were sunk to the bottom of the ocean. Hundreds of the survivors, who managed to get as far as Nova Scotia, perished from sickness and starvation; and only a few returned to France. The leader of the unlucky fleet died suddenly, and the officer next in rank became delirious and ended his life by falling on his sword.

Not long after, England agreed to give back Louisburg to France. Sir William Pepperell and his brave followers were much exasperated; for they had risked their lives and spent a million dollars to gain a fortress that had to be given back

to their enemy. Their humiliation, however, was changed to pride when England, not long afterward, secured Canada from the French. After all, the victory won by the Massachusetts men at Louisburg had not been an empty honor. Moreover, the French war was at an end, the Indians had been conquered, and the Old Bay State was developing rapidly.

While the Indians were spreading dire havoc, and the British and the French were fighting over Canada, the Royal Governors appointed by the Crown were holding high court in Boston. There were many of these very important Royal Governors; but none of them were pleasing to the Massachusetts people. They were stiff and haughty, and headed their processions to King's Chapel with the dignified airs of the nobility.

The wearing of wigs had become general, at that time, for even the ladies of fashion were covering their own beautiful hair. A writer of that period declares that the men were much vainer than the women and that their vanity grew greater as their age advanced; so, though wigs were denounced by the clergymen and the Puritans, they became more and more numerous at every service. Sometimes, the cost of the wigs and the expense of keeping

them in style reached the sum of one hundred dollars per year for each wearer. Those who could not afford the latest fashions from England wore periwigs made of horsehair, wool, thread, silk, or calves' tails. They were of all shapes and sizes, and extra puffs and bands were added as the fashions changed.

The *Boston News Letter* contained an advertisement for a wig which had been lost in a barber shop.² "It is a flaxen, natural wig," runs the notice; "and it is parted from the forehead to the crown. The narrow ribbon is of a red-pink color. The caul (a net used to confine the hair) is in rows of red and green silk." Now is it any wonder that some joker should want to steal such an article?

Another luxury in dress was garters, which the favorites of the Governors and their many imitators found most attractive. It is said that after the late Sir William Phips had taken Port Royal, and returned to Boston in all his glory, the Governor of Acadia accused him of having stolen his garters. Gauntlets and gloves with gold fringe; girdles of gold and silver, with prayer-books and keys hanging to them; and even muffs for cold weather, were worn by the fashionable men in the circle of the Royal Governor. In the days of Gov-

ernor Belcher, there was an excess of gold and silver lace, and dainty cravats and ruffles. The Governor himself wore gold buttons and costly lace, jockey coats lined with soft shalloon, black suits trimmed with gold, silver shoe and knee buckles, and red damask night-robcs.

The ladies, for a time, were satisfied with gowns of calico, which in those early days was considered a very grand material; but they had to keep up with the gentlemen, and, as the years rolled by, they wore more and more costly garments of silk and satin, fine lace from Flanders, furbelows, quilled flowers, embroidered masks, and every expensive style of dress that came along. The children dressed more simply—especially the little boys, who wore their long hair tied back with black hairbows.

When a fashionable funeral took place, it was the custom for the head of the household to give gold or silver rings to those who attended it; and it is recorded that one man collected a quart of funeral rings, which he bequeathed to his children. Governor Belcher adopted a more sensible fashion by giving away a thousand pairs of gloves at his wife's funeral. At Andrew Faneuil's funeral, it is said that three thousand pairs of mourning gloves were distributed to friends.

This was not, however, a frivolous age. You simply have been given a little peep at fashionable life, to prove to you that Massachusetts, in these early days, was not entirely the rustic settlement that many people suppose it was. In spite of the Indian wars on the frontier, great improvements were going on in the east. Sperm whale fishing began; and the laborers learned to tan their leather, melt their iron, and make shoes and felt hats. Shoe-making, by the way, became one of the chief industries of Massachusetts, and she is now making shoes for the nobility of Europe. The first schooner made its appearance in Boston harbor, and was gazed at in wonderment by the people on shore. In Boston, the first insurance office was opened; and many new lines of trade were established. Farming was making wonderful strides, the new industry of paper-making had sprung up at Milton, and the old thatched churches were being superseded by ones more befitting the dignity and wealth of the community. In short, the Great American Business had sprung from the crude opportunities embraced by our Pilgrim Fathers, and was pointing the way to our national prosperity.³ Still, in the dawn of the Old Bay State's good fortune, another danger was drawing near.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE STAMP ACT

Not for long, however, did peace continue. The gravest crisis in the history of the colonists was fast approaching—the War of the American Revolution. As usual, Massachusetts must take the lead, and be willing to give her best blood for the cause of freedom. The arrogance of England had become unendurable to the proud state that had ruled herself so many years.¹

Royal Governor Hutchinson was as heartily disliked as those who had preceded him.² He and his magistrates, in their pompous wigs and gay coats, were haughty in their behavior. They made it brutally plain to the people that the English parliament considered them slaves, and that they must obey their superiors or receive severe punishment.

Now Massachusetts had no respect for laws which she had no hand in making, so when England refused to let her buy sugar from the West Indies, she took to smuggling. Everybody—the

old and the young, the well and the sickly—suddenly grew fond of sweet things; and there had never been a larger demand for sugar and molasses.

Next, England insisted that the colonists must pay their share of the expenses that had risen from the French and Indian War. Our proud ancestors simply shrugged their shoulders in contempt. When she forbade them to buy goods from any but the Mother Country, they opened up trade with other places. They did all they could to defy the Crown and the Royal Governor.

Finally, the King passed the Stamp Act, putting taxes on documents of all sorts.³ The colonists had worked too hard to accumulate money to want to spend it on the English government. This time the storm of indignation swept even to the South, where Virginia did not hesitate to give voice to her displeasure.

James Otis, of Barnstable, who with scores of other Massachusetts boys was starting life in Boston, began a crusade against English tyranny.⁴ While studying in the Gridley law office, he had been keeping his eye upon men and affairs. At the public indignation meetings, Otis became so strikingly eloquent that other young men were inspired to do as much for the cause of liberty. Although

the Crown had made him Attorney General of the Province, he resigned his position and devoted his time to working for the liberty of his country.

Samuel Adams, one of the many Harvard graduates interested in the welfare of his country, came speedily to the front.⁵ His attack against England from the balcony of the Old State House did more than anything else to arouse the people to rebellion. He made a written protest against taxation without representation; drafted a circular letter to be sent out to all the colonies in America, urging them to join Massachusetts in making a stand for their rights; and suggested the forming of the First Continental Congress, to be represented by strong men from each colony. Samuel Adams was the "Father of the American Revolution."

John Adams, a Braintree boy, brought his enthusiasm to the aid of his cousin, Samuel Adams, and to James Otis.⁶ No one applauded louder than he when Otis shouted out to his spell-bound audience, at the Old State House: "Every man is an independent sovereign; and his right to life, liberty, and property cannot be taken away!"

Old Faneuil Hall, one of the most cherished buildings of Boston, is still called the "Cradle of Liberty," because within its walls such men as these nursed and strengthened American Inde-

pendence. The fiery speeches of James Otis, uttered in the Old State House, struck the first note of American freedom.

Royal Governor Hutchinson had no power to stay these enthusiastic meetings. His brother-in-law, Andrew Oliver, who had been appointed to distribute stamps, had a horrid time of it; for he was insulted on every hand. One morning he was shocked to see a dummy, an effigy of himself, hanging from a branch of the famous Old Elm Tree. The sheriff soon appeared, and ordered it taken down; but to Oliver's indignation, a procession seized the image, and carried it into the Old State House, where the Governor and other officers of the Crown were sitting, decked in their fine robes of authority.

One night, the mob became so boisterous that even the militia could not disperse it. Frenzied with hatred, hundreds of men and boys, shrieking louder than the Narragansetts, attacked the dwelling of William Story, a high official of the Crown, and did much damage. The residence of Sir Henry Frankland was also entered; and many beautiful paintings, porcelain fire-places, and carved mantles were mutilated.

Then the mansion of Royal Governor Hutchin-

son, next door, was assaulted. Furniture was destroyed, and everything in sight, even to a collection of rare manuscripts. Valuable dishes and silverware were either smashed or carried away with all kinds of clothing. The Governor escaped through a rear door to the Mather home; but when the mob discovered where he was, they threatened to burn the residence of the people who had given him refuge. Half dressed and almost dead from exposure and fright, he was taken by friends to a house a long distance away. Until four in the morning, the excited mob destroyed property and insulted those who were favorable to the King.

Now do you suppose the Massachusetts people approved of such conduct? Quite the contrary. Samuel Adams and James Otis feared that their cause was seriously injured. All respectable citizens regarded the mob as a crowd of demented hoodlums, and at a town meeting which was held next day, the rioters were severely censured. Poor Governor Hutchinson appeared in court, wrapped in a surtout, or loose coat. The mob had left him nothing else to wear.

England soon returned to her shifty policy, and produced the Townshend Revenue Acts, made by the Royal Treasurer, Charles Townshend.⁷ These

acts placed high duties on paper, glass, paints, tea, and many other articles. England had removed the tax on documents, against which the colonists had rebelled; and had placed duties on nearly everything else. The indignation of Samuel Adams and his friends can well be imagined. This time, no words were wasted in censure or vain appeals. Massachusetts organized her "Sons of Liberty," each member of which was bound by oath neither to receive nor ship any goods that were subject to taxation. When England heard of this latest whim of the Province, it was her turn to look sour. "What will those head-strong people do next!" she exclaimed. Like all parents, she was shocked by the rebellion of her offspring.

CHAPTER XIX

BOSTON MASSACRE

KING WILLIAM III, now on the English throne, sent several hundred of his British soldiers to Boston, in order to protect the interests of the home country.¹ The old Common was bright with the glitter of polished arms. Its occupation by the "Red-coats," however, was a great grievance to the boys who had always used that spot for a play-ground. Their fathers and mothers felt the insult in a different way, for they realized that their personal liberty was a thing of the past.

Many small riots occurred, which were caused by soldiers and sailors as well as by civilians. Sometimes, the disturbers fought with clubs, and made such a noise that the people of the town quaked in terror; but they knew that they could do nothing to stop them, because the men who should protect them were the ones who were rioting.

The Boston Massacre which soon followed was caused by the thoughtless remark of a boy.² Cap-

tain Goldfinch was trying to quell a disturbance when this barber's lad, pointing him out to an idle mob, shouted:—

“There is a mean fellow that hasn't paid my master for curling his hair!”

Captain Goldfinch turned red with anger. As he was a sentinel on duty, he thought he must avenge the insult. Springing forward, he struck the boy with his musket and send him sprawling to the ground.

In a moment, a furious mob had surrounded the sentinel and was pelting him unmercifully with snowballs, ice, and sticks.

“Knock him down! Kill him!” they yelled.

Others began jeering at the British soldiers as they passed in and out of the guard building, which stood close to the Old State House. In the distance, bells began to clamor as though the town were afire; and the crowd grew so dense, it was almost impossible for the soldiers to keep their feet. Captain Preston rushed from the Concert Hall to ascertain the trouble. His desire was to suppress the excitement; but he knew that it was impossible to appeal to the reason of a mob, especially as none of the more cool-headed citizens were present to aid him.

Up to this time, Henry Knox, a book-seller's

clerk, had forbidden the soldiers to fire upon the defenseless crowd; and had thus delayed bloodshed. Captain Goldfinch was quite beside himself, calling the corporal to help him and gaining as much sympathy from the British soldiers as the barber's boy was receiving from the rioters.

“Fire if you dare, you bloody-coats—you lobster-backs!” shouted the mob.

Even then the crisis might have been avoided; but a stick struck one of the soldiers, and he reeled backward.

There was a volley of artillery, followed by screams of terror. The crowd trembled, then began to scatter in every direction. A few of the rioters tried to tear down the guard house, where Preston and his men had hidden themselves. Bells rang, drums beat, the crowd drew together again, while the disturbers carried away their dead and wounded. The Boston Massacre was ended, and the first blood of the American Revolution had been shed.

When they inquired into the affair, fifteen people were found to be killed or injured. The first one to be shot down was Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, who had done the most to prolong the riot. The others who were killed were Samuel Gray, a rope-maker, and James Caldwell, a gentle-



Should some poor old lady live quietly by herself, her neighbors would begin immediately to say that she must be a witch (Page 89)

man who had been merely looking on. Three boys, Samuel Maverick, Christopher Snider, and Patrick Carr, were mortally wounded.

All night, the citizens of Boston writhed in anger. They called the British guard "murderers," and vowed that they should be sent back to England. Governor Hutchinson appeared on the balcony of the Old State House and assured the people that justice would be done. Nevertheless, a court of inquiry was held by the leading citizens, and volunteers were stationed everywhere to prevent more violence, during the night.

On the next day a town meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. Samuel Adams, John Hancock, William Phillips, Samuel Henshaw, William Molineux, and other prominent citizens, were appointed to confer with Governor Hutchinson.

These patriotic men were in no mood to be trifled with. Samuel Adams did most of the talking, and put it squarely to the Governor that the King's regiments must be removed from Boston at once.

The Governor was pale and nervous—quite the opposite of his English body-guard, who stood around in their enormous wigs and bright uniforms trimmed with gold and silver lace, trying to appear calm and contemptuous. He consulted

a great deal with Colonel Dalrymple, his right-hand man.

At first, he said that he had not the power to remove the troops. Whereupon, Samuel Adams and John Hancock assured him it would be easy for the men of Massachusetts to furnish the power.

"I will have one of the regiments removed," agreed the Governor, in despair.

"You will have both removed, or none!" flared Samuel Adams.

Finally, the Governor consented to have both regiments moved to the Castle in the Bay, there to await instructions from the King.

Triumphantly, Samuel Adams and John Hancock announced to the anxious people that the town of Boston would soon be free from British soldiers. Meetings were held in Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, and the Old South Meeting House. Brilliant speeches were made, and a general celebration took place. A Committee of Public Safety was formed, and every patriotic citizen, with musket and sword, was on hand to see that there were no more riots, and that every red-coat was shipped off to the Castle.

The funerals of those killed in the Boston Massacre were also made as impressive as possible.

Five hundred boys and girls turned out to do honor to young Christopher Snider, whose coffin was borne to the grave by six of his school-mates. Tolling bells and flags at half-mast announced that the hilarity of the citizens must be suspended until the services for the dead were performed.

Nor was this all. Captain Preston was brought back to the city for trial, with eight of the soldiers who were accused of firing upon the crowd. To the surprise of many, John Adams and Josiah Quincy defended them. It is not an unusual thing to see brilliant lawyers chosen to defend criminals who are detested by the public. They succeeded in having Preston and six of his soldiers acquitted. The other two were found guilty of manslaughter, and branded in the hand.

CHAPTER XX

BOSTON TEA PARTY

Now, after the firm stand that had been taken by the colonists, what could be more provoking than for Boston to behold a dozen tea vessels sailing impudently into her harbor! The citizens were again in a turmoil of indignation. Hadn't they sworn to accept no tea so long as there was a tax on it, although, even so, the price was lower to America than to England? Even when the East India Company had agreed to pay the tax, hadn't they still declared they would never buy it? Were they not fighting for principle, regardless of such luxuries as tea? The very idea! Everybody at the Green Dragon Inn and all the other meeting-places was talking about it. Something must be done again to teach England to quit meddling.

Public meetings were held, and all the leading patriots were present to give their views. Samuel Adams had sent word to the representative men from the leading towns round about, to come

to the indignation meeting to be held in Faneuil Hall; so, at the appointed time, the great building was thronged.

It was agreed that the only thing to be done was to send the ships back to England, and not receive even a teaspoonful of tea. Then it was pointed out to Mr. Adams that they could not be returned until Governor Hutchinson should give his permission.

A committee was sent to the Governor to get his consent. It was really a trying position for him, as he did not want to offend England, and he would rather have been in a nest of hornets than have Samuel Adams and John Hancock attack him with their sharp tongues. However, he declared firmly that he must act as the humble servant of the King.

“There is a large crowd at the South Meeting House awaiting your answer, sir,” remarked one of the committee. “No matter what you say, the tea shall not be accepted.”

“I will not give my consent to any such proceeding,” declared Hutchinson.

Then he locked himself up, while the committee hastily returned to the mass meeting.

When they related how the Governor had refused to comply with their demand, Samuel

Adams sprang to his feet, with a look of firm determination.

“We can do nothing more to save the country!” he cried.

Savage yells arose! Were the Narragansetts upon them? It would have seemed to be the natural conclusion, for at least sixty Indians, painted and befeathered, and waving their tomahawks, came from all sides. Samuel Adams did not seem excited in the least, although, to add to the din, there were loud shrieks from fifes, and the beating of drums.

With deafening cries that must have greatly alarmed the Governor, the Indians ran through the town and out to the wharf where the tea vessels were lying at anchor. The citizens of Boston followed at their heels, eager to see the outcome of the exciting adventure. The crew of the unwelcome ships did not attempt to ward off the savages with their tomahawks, for they knew too well how the American Indians hated the English. So they simply kept out of the way, even when the redskins splintered with their tomahawks and axes every tea-chest, and cast it overboard. By midnight, the vessels were empty, and enough tea was floating in Boston harbor to supply the whole nation. Then the Indians went back to their

homes, pulled off their feathers, washed off their paint, put on their night-robcs and caps, and went to bed. To the end of time, the world will never know the names of those Massachusetts patriots who dressed themselves as Indians and gave the Boston Tea Party, although twelve thousand people attended it.¹

Great activity followed this notable event. Military companies began to drill, and powder was bought. At one of the mass meetings, Paul Revere, a goldsmith, was chosen to carry important letters to Philadelphia, explaining the stand for liberty taken by Massachusetts. Revere was a man of great endurance, and he could make the journey, by stage and horseback, in six days. On the trip, he learned that New York and Philadelphia, also, had refused to accept the tea shipped to them, and were much amused at the way Boston had disposed of hers.

When the news of the Boston Tea Party drifted to England, the government was greatly enraged. As a first step towards punishing the colonists, orders were sent to close the port of Boston, so the city could neither ship nor receive goods of any kind. Commerce would thus be diverted to other seaport towns of New England; and Boston,

in consequence, would lose that prestige which she was rapidly acquiring. By Royal Orders, Salem was made the capital of the Province. The King recalled Governor Hutchinson, and appointed in his stead Thomas Gage, with full power to choose all judges, sheriffs, and other officers.² He also made a number of strict laws threatening all sorts of dire punishments in case the people should rebel.

On the day the Boston port was closed, the bells tolled gloomily, and houses were draped in mourning. The news of Boston's humiliation spread far and near, and the other colonies were not slow in expressing their sympathy; for under all differences of opinions, the settlers were beginning to realize the brotherly tie which bound them together. So, on the day that Boston's port was closed, the Colony of Virginia was fasting and praying for her, and getting ready to send all the flour that could be spared. Philadelphia closed all places of business. South Carolina shipped two hundred barrels of rice. The Massachusetts towns provided enough sheep and fish to keep Boston idle for ten years.

Salem and Marblehead might have profited greatly by Boston's loss; but instead, they offered the stricken city the use of their own wharfs and

warehouses. Salem did more than all others to sustain Boston in those terrible days. At the time of the great Boston fire, a hundred years later, she again came promptly to the aid of her sister city. Boston was not ungrateful, as was shown during the Salem fire of our own time; for it was Boston who planned relief while the flames were at their highest. Moreover, every city in the Union rushed forward to do her share.³

The meeting of the next General Court of the Province was held at Salem, the new capital. Here, hard-working Samuel Adams succeeded in completing the plans for the Continental Congress, which was to meet at Philadelphia.⁴ In spite of the disadvantage under which Boston was laboring, her energetic sons, headed by this brave man, had worked to join all the American colonies. They were, indeed, making rapid strides towards founding the government of the great republic of the future. No wonder the King set spies to watch the movements of Sam Adams and John Hancock; for the mother country fully realized that they were dangerous men when it came to defending the rights and promoting the interests of their native land.

CHAPTER XXI

THREATENING CLOUDS

GENERAL GAGE was the last Royal Governor of Massachusetts. When he arrived in Boston, guns were fired in salute, a procession of leading citizens conducted him to the Old State House, troops of horsemen saluted him, and he was lustily cheered by the throngs of people who had turned out to welcome him. After he had taken the oath of office, a fine dinner was given in his honor, at Faneuil Hall. These pleasant relations, however, did not last long; for when the port of Boston was closed, the Governor soon found himself an object of contempt. The Tories—those who were in favor of the King—were obedient; but the Whigs—those who demanded home government and liberty—made his life a burden to him. Although he threatened and fumed, the plans of the Continental Congress were completed, and not long afterwards the Provincial Congress was created at Concord; and met, later, at Cambridge. The Massachusetts people heeded Governor Gage no more than if he

were the King himself. They recognized only the Provincial Congress, made their own laws, and paid no more money into the treasury of the Crown.

The War for American Independence was drawing nearer and nearer. Why, under the very eyes of the Governor, the colonists were drilling their militia, storing powder at Concord and other places, and enrolling "Minute Men" in all towns, to serve at a minute's notice. The Governor considered that Sam Adams, John Hancock, Paul Revere, Thomas Cushing, Robert Treat Paine, and all that class of agitators were responsible for this rebellious attitude of his subjects, and he determined to assert his authority. His first act was to awe the people by a sight of his army, all in fine trim after resting throughout the winter. So he commanded Lord Hugh Percy and five regiments, in glittering array, to march to Dorchester and Jamaica Plain. What a magnificent sight it was! How proudly they stepped along, to the music of fife and drum, their scarlet and silver uniforms sparkling in the spring sunshine! They wore their cocked hats at the right angle, you may be sure; for a crooked hat might cost the owner five stinging lashes across the back. They were a bewildering array of metal laces, buttons, ribbons,

and embroidery; but, strange to remark, the people were not awed, in the least. Neither were they flattered by their sprightly national air of "Yankee Doodle." The only effect was that the Committee of Safety was disturbed, hearing that the next move of the British might be in the direction of Concord, where the Minute Men were guarding a store of powder.

The first armed resistance to British authority was made at old Salem.¹ John Foster, a citizen, had been setting up a number of cannon supplied by the Continental Congress. Some Tory tattled to Governor Gage that cannon were being erected in the vicinity of the town, and Colonel Leslie was sent with three hundred British soldiers to investigate the matter. The village of Marblehead saw the advancing host, and rushed off messengers to warn Salem.

It was the Sabbath day when the force arrived, and most of the people were in church; but they all came out in their best attire to meet the enemy. The church bells rang a warning to call out those who had stayed at home. A crowd gathered, divided in spirit between Sunday reverence and colonial indignation.

Just as Colonel Leslie reached the bridge, it was

drawn up, leaving him and his force on the other side.

“You might just as well make up your minds to hand over those cannon at once!” he shouted.

“Come and get them,” returned a patriot. “They will never be surrendered.”

The commander was very angry at the insolence of these people whom he had come to scare; and he was about to open fire, when Captain John Felt, one of the leading citizens, cried out in protest:—

“If you fire, not one of you shall leave the town alive!”

Leslie and his men climbed into some fishing-boats in order to cross the water, but the plucky Salemites set the boats adrift. Finally, the Reverend Thomas Bernhard prevailed upon the citizens to let the Britishers land on the other side. Though Leslie and his men gladly took advantage of this permission, it did not help them very much; for when they scoured Salem, not a gun could they find. While the discussion had been going on, every cannon had been hidden!

In Somerville, one of Boston's famous suburbs, you can still see the Old Powder House, a most sacred and significant landmark. It is a little stone building, thirty feet high. Once it was a

mill, worked by an honest man named John Mallet. Many attractive legends are attached to it, one in particular relating to the time when Great Britain took Acadia from the French. Most of the Acadians were of French blood, and they hated the English so heartily that they refused to recognize their new masters. General John Winslow, a descendant of the Mayflower Pilgrim, Governor Edward Winslow, received royal orders to go to Acadia and clear the country of its rebellious inhabitants. He did the deed thoroughly; for he separated fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, put them on various ships, and scattered them in English settlements all along the New England coast.²

Late one night, while Mallet was running his mill (now the Old Powder House) a beautiful Acadian girl sought refuge there. Before long, a brutal man who claimed her as his property, came to the old mill, and commanded Mallet to give her up. The girl, almost frightened to death, tried to escape by climbing up the ladder. The burly ruffian hastened after her, lost his footing, grasped a rope that was hanging there, and thus set the mill in motion. The next moment, he lost his hold and fell into the machinery, where he was ground to pieces.

This Powder House, once John Mallet's mill, had always been respected for its legends. About the time of the descent on Salem, the patriots of Massachusetts had used it for storing some ammunition. Governor Gage and his men stole the hidden supply and did some damage to the building, which so aroused the anger of the people that an indignation meeting was held on Cambridge Common.² This was another bold and open defiance of King George III of England.

CHAPTER XXII

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

SAMUEL ADAMS and John Hancock shared the distinction of being the only two people in Massachusetts that King George III desired to hang. The other leaders he might forgive, but these, he felt, had done more than their share in raising rebellion. Governor Gage, accordingly, tried his utmost to capture those distinguished rebels, but they were too alert for him. Eventually, they moved out to the historic old Lexington mansion, now called the Hancock-Clarke house, and only a few of the Whigs were allowed to know where they were.

Hancock was not displeased at being compelled to hide himself in the home of his beloved relative, Jonas Clarke; for he had several entertaining companions. The chief of these was a visitor, Miss Dorothy Quincy, a pretty girl whom he loved devotedly. Another was a comfortable widow, Madam Lydia Hancock, the wife of his late uncle, Thomas. With these two good friends and his

best chum, Sam Adams, all gathered together with him under the same gambrel roof out in Lexington, Hancock was not much worried about Governor Gage, nor even about King George III.

Paul Revere, the copper engraver and goldsmith, came occasionally to bring them news of the British, who seemed to be planning an attack of some kind. Revere was one of the most active scouts that ever lived. He was as fleet of foot as a Mohawk Indian, and he could ride a horse as gracefully as any of the King's cavaliers. When Massachusetts had boldly established her own mint, it was talented Paul Revere who had engraved the copper plates. Later in his life, this picturesque character, who worked so hard for the freedom of our country, became wealthy, and started the first mill for the making of sheet copper.

From what Paul Revere and other scouts reported, Hancock and Adams rightly judged that Gage would attack the military stores at Lexington and Concord. Perhaps, they might seize the leaders of the rebellion, too. Some preparation seemed necessary, so the new army—part of the soldiers in uniforms of buff and blue, but the most of them in plain home-spun garments—were ordered to hold themselves in readiness. The min-

ute men, too, were told to keep one eye open while they slept. At Concord and Lexington, the little group of defenders was always on duty, watching over their hidden stores of supplies and preparing for defense. No heroes deserve greater credit; for though they were few in number, they bravely faced the ranks of the enemy, with only their muskets to protect them.

Jeremiah Page, of Danvers, organized a body of minute men at his own home, and made them answer promptly whenever he called them, or pay a fine. It is not surprising that he became a captain of great renown during the revolution that followed. Perhaps he was more devoted to the cause of liberty than charming Mrs. Page, who was known to have served tea on the roof of her mansion at a time when her husband would not permit her to serve it in the house.

Another famous organizer of minute men was a school-master named Peleg Wadsworth, whose daughter, Zilpah, married Stephen Longfellow and became mother of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of the greatest poets our nation has produced. By brilliant service during the revolution that followed, Peleg Wadsworth became a general of high standing.

Now, during all this preparation for defense,

Governor Gage was out in the Castle laying plans and giving directions to his followers. One night, he sent a part of his army to seize the military stores at Lexington and Concord just as Adams and Hancock had predicted. The Governor thought none of the Massachusetts patriots would be awake, and that he would have no trouble in ending the mutiny that night; but he did not know how deep the seeds of rebellion were rooted.

Dr. Joseph Warren, the great orator and agitator, heard of Gage's plan through one of the "Patriot Patrols." He realized at once that there was not a minute to be lost. He quickly ordered two of the thirty patrolmen, Paul Revere and William Dawes, to warn the farmers of Middlesex that the British were coming. They were to go by different routes, and one of them was to stop long enough to tell Sam Adams and John Hancock to hide themselves.

At that moment, eight hundred of Gage's soldiers, under the command of Colonel Smith, were getting into boats to go to Cambridge. They moved through the darkness in complete silence. Like shadows, they marched through the town and out to West Cambridge, where they stopped at a tavern. The rebels had held a meeting there the day before, and Smith thought it possible that

some of the leaders might have remained over night, in which case he expected to capture them in their beds. Sure enough, Colonel Azor Orne, Colonel Jeremiah Lee, and Colonel Elbridge Gerry, three very active revolutionists, were there, together with several other officers. When they heard the hundreds of British soldiers entering the tavern, they leaped from their beds and out of the windows, and scurried to a stubble field, where they hid themselves. Not one of them was captured.¹

Colonel Smith sent back to Governor Gage for more men, as he realized that the secret was out, and that they might meet with strong resistance; but owing to blunders on the part of the British, Colonel Smith and his eight hundred followers had to press on to Lexington alone.

Meanwhile, William Dawes and Paul Revere were racing furiously to warn the neighboring towns that the British were coming. Revere had been rowed across the river in a boat, by Josiah Bentley and Thomas Richardson, just a few minutes before General Gage had issued strict orders for his guards to permit no one to leave Boston. Revere had told some friends at Charlestown that if the British should leave Boston by land, a lantern would be placed in the belfry of Christ

Church, now better known as the Old South Church. If, on the contrary, the British should go by water, two lanterns would appear. His Charlestown friends had read the signal flashed in Christ Church belfry before Revere arrived. No time was to be lost, for Gage's soldiers would shortly reach Cambridge. Seizing the bridle of a swift horse, which his friends had ready for him, Revere threw himself into the saddle and dashed away. The night was dark; but before he had finished his memorable ride, the moon was brightly shining.

On this eventful night, Paul Revere proved to the world that he was made of as strong material as the cannon and church bells he manufactured; but he was no braver than his companion, William Dawes, the other patrolman who started with him to make the perilous ride. On their way, they met Dr. Samuel Prescott jogging along contentedly on his gray horse. He had just been to see his girl, and was in a mood for adventure. He agreed to take up a different route from theirs, and call all the farmers to arms. Dr. Samuel Prescott was the only one of the three who made the complete ride, and carried the warning through to Concord.

Before the three had separated, they were sud-

denly surrounded by four mounted British officers. Prescott urged his horse over a stone wall, and hurried on. The others were chased until a farm-house appeared in view. It is said that Dawes had the wit to scare away his pursuers by crying out:—

“Hello, boys—come on! Here are some British soldiers for you!”

Paul Revere was several times pursued and questioned by British spies and sentinels. Once an officer seized him, and calling him by name placed a pistol to his head and said he would blow out his brains unless he told him the truth. Revere confessed that he had been spreading the alarm to the people of Middlesex, and that the officer would better release him, as five hundred farmers were already in arms. Nothing, however, checked his onward flight, and, at last, he made his way through a lonely burial ground to the Clarke home at Lexington where Sam Adams and John Hancock were staying.

It took Revere a long time to convince these men that their safety was of more importance to the people than their resisting power. At last, young Lowell, Hancock's clerk, added his entreaties to Revere's, and persuaded the two great leaders of Massachusetts to take refuge in the neighboring

village of Burlington. You can imagine the fond good-by that Hancock gave to pretty Dorothy Quincy before he left her. This brave young girl remained unalarmed until a bullet whizzed past her, as she and Madam Hancock were looking out of a window. Then they were hurried into the Hancock coach, and were taken to the home of Mrs. Jones, the widow of Reverend Thomas Jones, of Burlington.

Here there was a happy meeting between John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy; and Madam Hancock added to the general rejoicing by producing a fine fish which John had given her the day before. She had possessed the presence of mind to bring it along on her flight from Lexington. The next day, good Widow Jones cooked the fish, and they were about to sit down to a jolly meal when new patrolmen arrived and warned Hancock and Adams to flee instantly. So the pleasant dinner party was broken up, and the ladies were removed to an obscure house in Billerica, where they were served salt pork and boiled potatoes on a wooden tray.

Paul Revere is said to have been mainly responsible for the rescue of these greatest of all Whigs, on that terrible night when the British were marching on Lexington. Having finished the task

of getting them safely housed in Burlington, he continued his dangerous journey. In the words of Longfellow:—

“So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.”²

CHAPTER XXIII

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

LEXINGTON was fully prepared to meet her foe. Captain John Parker had assembled his militia, which boasted of one hundred and thirty men. They stood with loaded muskets through many tiresome hours waiting for the leisurely approach of the British troops. At last, Captain Parker dismissed them, ordering them to come together again when summoned to the Common by the beating of a drum. He sent his scouts in all directions, and told them to make frequent reports at Lexington. The advancing Britishers, however, captured all but Thaddeus Bowman, who came galloping back to the Common, shouting that the enemy was at hand.

The drum began to beat, and the militia hurried back to Captain Parker. Bells rang and guns were fired, rousing the village to action. It was now daylight, and Sergeant William Munroe began to form the minute men in two ranks, north of the meeting house. Soon they could see Colonel Smith and his grenadiers, re-enforced by Major Pitcairn, approaching in the distance. With calm,

deliberate tread, the British troops marched into the village and faced the minute men.

“Do not fire until you are forced to do so,” commanded Captain Parker, bravely standing his ground.

“Lay down your arms, you rebels!” thundered Pitcairn. “Why don’t you lay down your arms?”

There was no reply. The patriots stood resolutely by their guns, awaiting the attack. Finally, there came a flash of powder and several loud reports from the British ranks, although Major Pitcairn declared afterwards that he had given no order to fire. Both sides wavered for an instant, in the first shock of battle. Then the English began rapid firing, and the minute men were prompt to respond. They soon discovered that a little band of men, however active, cannot stand against a well-drilled host of soldiers; for the minute men were quickly overcome, several of them giving up their lives in the cause of freedom. The English, cheering loudly, fired a volley on Lexington Common. Colonel Smith with the main army joined Pitcairn and his men, and on they marched to Concord.¹

Long before daybreak, Dr. Prescott, on his gray horse, had warned the people of Concord

that the British were coming. Colonel Barrett saw to it that the powder store was hidden, and that all his men were ready to fight. Minute men from Lincoln, Acton, Reading, Billerica, Medford, Chelmsford, and other towns joined them; and to the beating of the drum and the ringing of the church bell, they assembled on the Common.

For hours they waited.* During that time, they heard the firing at Lexington, but could not learn anything in regard to the fate of the town. They made up their minds then that, even though Lexington might be wiped from the earth, they would defend the honor of their own community. They decided to leave the Common, and form ranks on a hill back of the village.

When they saw the redcoats coming down the Lexington road, the spunky minute men wanted to scatter them at once; but Colonel Barrett, like the commander at Lexington, ordered them to remain quiet until the enemy should begin the attack.

With unwavering step, the British marched into Concord. They destroyed stores of flour and other provisions; cannon were hammered and broken, wooden trenchers and spoons smashed to bits, and ammunition carried away. When they began to pull up the planks of the bridge, the minute men could stand it no longer. Colonel Barrett sent

Major John Butterick and a large force to lead their advance. The British fired upon them, and three of the rebels fell to the earth, all of them Acton men. They were Captain Davis, Abner Hosmer, and Luther Blanchard, a fifer.

In his excitement, Major Butterick shouted out the command:—

“Fire, fellow soldiers! For God’s sake, fire!”

They were not slow to obey. A volley rang out, and one Britisher was killed and nine more wounded. The others flew back to the main army, in the village. The minute men crossed the bridge and took their stand at a safe distance. During the pillage to which the town was subjected, the house of Colonel Barrett was invaded. Provisions, including Mrs. Barrett’s fine cakes and other delicacies, were devoured; but the good lady made no protest. They wanted to pay her for the food, but she refused the money.

“We are commanded to feed our enemy if he hunger,” she said.

The British army had a terrible march back to Boston; for those three rough-riders, Prescott, Dawes, and Revere, with a host of couriers, had warned the entire countryside. Minute men sprang up in every quarter, and without a leader, pressed forward to lend their services to the na-

tion. They attacked the British regulars wherever they found them, harassing their ranks and cutting off stragglers until the march home resembled a rout.

Colonel Smith and his main army returned from Concord to Lexington, where they rested until Lord Percy, with fresh troops from Boston, came to escort them back. Before long, instead of marching with stately dignity, the British were scattering like so many frightened squirrels, while from behind trees and walls and bushes came the deadly shots of minute men. Major Pitcairn was wounded, and fell from his splendid horse into a heap by the roadside. About the same time, one of the redcoats spied James Hayward, a minute man, and ran towards him with leveled gun.

"You're a dead man!" cried the Britisher, firing.

"So are you," replied Hayward, returning the shot.

Both fell dead.

All along the line, and everywhere else, the people of Massachusetts were rising to strike the first united blow for American Independence. Stories are told of a party of men of Menotomy, who were too old to go to war. They were sitting in a barn discussing events, when they heard

wagon-wheels, and voices they knew must be English. Peering out, they saw eighteen belated soldiers, with supplies for their comrades at Lexington. Before anyone really knew what was happening, the old gentlemen had fired volley after volley from the stone wall near by. Several of the enemy were wounded, and the others ran away in all directions, not one stopping to inquire into the matter. On that same night, an old lady also captured several British spies; and Samuel Whittemore, who had lived his four score years, and was lame and almost blind, victoriously fought a party of regulars who had attempted to capture him. So much for the brave old men and women of that time! With such fighting blood, Massachusetts was bound to hold a proud position in the Revolutionary War.

Amos Wyman, of Woburn, might be called the first trick rider. His game was to fall from his white horse near some straggling Britisher; and, when the unsuspecting soldier hurried forward to capture him, he would shoot him down. This feat he repeated many times, and did his share toward securing American Independence.

Thankful, indeed, were the routed British when they arrived in Boston, with their dead and wounded. Handsome Lord Percy, who had led his

battalion forth with such impressive dignity, was almost as bedraggled as Colonel Smith and his men. Governor Gage, angry and amazed, prepared to deal the most deadly vengeance on the colonists. The colonists were preparing, too.

That same night, a party of Boston school-boys were getting their first taste of war, over in Cambridge. In the morning, they had gathered in the school-room in Scollay Square, Boston, where severe Master Carver, their teacher, was trying to keep their minds upon their lessons. Little Harrison Gray Otis, nine years old, a member of the famous Otis family, came in late.

"Why are you late?" demanded Master Carver sternly.

"I would have been on time," explained the boy, strangely excited; "only as I was trying to cross Tremont Street, the soldiers came along, and a corporal wouldn't let me pass; so I had to come around through Court Street."

Just then a boy who had been sent out to get the latest news, returned and whispered to the teacher.

"Put away your books, boys," commanded Carver. "The war has begun, and school is ended."

It did not take them long to obey; for you know

how boys like a spring vacation. Several of the class went out in the street, where they found enough excitement to satisfy them. Lord Percy, young and majestic, was riding along on a white horse; and gay cavaliers in bright costumes were filling the narrow thoroughfares. The English were making another display, and the citizens were alarmed. The boys were very glad to be out of the dingy school-room, so unlike the pleasant school buildings of to-day. They disliked the smoky windows and sanded floors, and wanted to hurry to some wild free place where they could yell as loudly as they wished. Perhaps, some of them bought checkerberry candy or big oysters, which street-venders sold at the price of two for a penny.

At any rate, a few of them went over to Cambridge Common, to have a romp. They looked with awe at the handsome residence which the presidents of Harvard College occupied for one hundred and twenty years. It was a noted mansion visited by all the great men of the time, even to the Royal Governors. There were students walking about, some in blue-gray coats, and others in long gowns and caps. Some were dandies in cocked hats and shoes with pointed toes; while others wore top boots with silken linings. As it

was comfortable weather, some had changed from woolen to calico and gingham suits, which at that time were fashionable; and all wore knee breeches.

For hours, the boys played happily on Cambridge Common. Strange to say, they forgot about the trouble with the English. At sunset, however, they heard shooting in the distance. In alarm, they hastened to a small hill, in time to see the worn-out British returning from Concord and Lexington. They had been marching for hours, and at that time, were running as fast as they could to escape the bullets of minute men and other patriots, who were attacking them from the rear.

In the commotion that followed, the boys could not get back to Boston. Farmer Hastings gave them a big supper, and they spent the night in the Harvard dormitory. The sleeping-rooms of the students in those days contained pine bedsteads, home-made rugs, plain chairs and tables, open fireplaces, and candles. Although the boys thought the place very fine indeed, they preferred to go home; but the next day, when the American camp was established at Cambridge, they were taken prisoners. There they remained until the red-coats were driven from Boston.

CHAPTER XXIV

BIRTH OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

How the valiant fighters for liberty worked during the days and nights that followed! Hardly had the smoke of Lexington and Concord cleared away than the Committee of Safety began to enlist men and hurry them on to the new headquarters established at Cambridge, where General William Heath and others were working almost beyond endurance.¹ Plain, substantial citizens were placed in positions of trust, and in time became generals known all over the world. Artemas Ward, a Shrewsbury man, was placed in charge of the forces gathering in Cambridge.² He really gave form to the American Army, although he knew nothing of conventional uniforms and expert drills. It may please you to know that before this great War of the Revolution had progressed far, Artemas Ward was made Major General of the Continental Army, second only in command to General George Washington.

Dr. William Eustis, a student under Dr. Joseph

Warren, in Boston, was one of the Lexington minute men. He was appointed surgeon of his regiment, and very ably did he do his duty. Dr. Joseph Warren and William Prescott became high officers; and you shall hear more about them in the near future.³ Captain John Glover, of Marblehead, a shoemaker and fisherman, began to organize a regiment, and was one of the first to offer his services.⁴ Glover's four hundred followers were in fine condition and quite ready to fight; and the Provincial Congress were so much pleased with his pluck and promptness that they, at once, made him colonel.

Samuel Sampson, of Kingston, was the first captain in the Massachusetts Naval Service appointed by the Provincial Congress. Elbridge Gerry, of Marblehead—said to be the first individual to denounce the English rule, in public,—also lent his aid at this anxious time.⁵ You may be glad to learn that Elbridge Gerry became so noted for his sound judgment and his innate ability that he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, a few years later; and when he had passed through his term of office with great distinction, he was made Vice-President of the United States, with President James Madison.

William Shepard, a Boston boy, entered the new

army at the age of seventeen. It is said that he engaged in twenty-two fierce fights, and came out of them much improved in health and spirits. His people rewarded his valor by sending him to Congress. James Bowdoin, of Boston, lent his brilliant brain and strong right arm to the cause. In honor to his memory, one of the leading colleges of Maine was named for him.

Among all these brave men, we must not forget Israel Putnam, affectionately called "Old Put" by the men who knew and loved him best.⁶ Putnam was born near Newburyport; but moved to Salem, where he and his wife, formerly Hannah Pope, spent some very happy days.

"Old Put" was plowing when he heard the first shots fired for American Independence. Leaving his plow in the furrow, he hurried to the house and prepared for battle. War attracted him; for he was most courageous, and was known to have once crawled into a den to kill a wolf. This foolhardy act happened while he was farming down in Pomfret, Connecticut. One night, seventy of his sheep were killed. Putnam learned that a savage wolf had been the terror of that part of the colony for many years. His neighbors said they were unable to capture or to kill the dreadful

beast, and as a result their live stock were being continually attacked. Prompt in action, Israel Putnam set out with a party of armed men and a pack of bloodhounds. At last, they sighted the wolf as she was about to creep into her rocky den on the Connecticut river. The dogs seized her; but she fought with such venom that they all ran away, dripping with blood and badly frightened. Then she hurried into her dark retreat.

The men thrust straw, hot coals, and sulphur into the opening; but the wolf remained quiet.

"It seems that neither the fumes of the sulphur nor the heat of the blazing rubbish can harm her," said one of the men.

Then they fired their muskets into the passage, but there was no sound from its black depths.

At last Putnam grew excited.

"Put this long rope around my waist," he commanded. "Don't pull me out until I give a signal. Give me my gun."

To their horror, he climbed into the cavern.

Picking up a burning fagot, he turned to examine the place. There in a corner crouched the wolf, her fiery eyes fixed savagely upon him. Just as she sprang, with a fearful howl, Putnam fired. Then he pulled the rope, and the men

hastily drew him from the fume-laden den. "Old Put" was dragging the wolf by the tail.

"When a thing is to be done, let it be done at once. Moreover, do it yourself," was an axiom that Israel Putnam always respected.

So you can imagine when the patriots saw this cool and determined man coming to lead the untrained soldiers of New England, they felt sure of victory. By this time, thousands of patriots were arming themselves, and Boston was declared to be in a state of siege. Gage enforced martial law, and sent to England for more soldiers. Before the patriots on Cambridge Common could receive help from Virginia and other colonies, some very important skirmishes took place.

One of these was at Chelsea, a few weeks after the battles at Lexington and Concord. The scene of the disturbance was Powder Horn Hill, which was bought from the Indians for a horn of powder. Some British troops, while hunting supplies around Boston, came up Chelsea creek, in the sloop *Diana*. They intended to steal some sheep, and attack the store of ammunition, which was under guard. Unfortunately for them, such brave men as Putnam, Warren, Dearborn, and several hundred others were there to protect Chelsea.

There was much shooting at Newgate House, but no one was killed. While the citizens were saving hundreds of sheep near by, other patriotic leaders chased the Diana down the creek, to return to Chelsea no more.

All these were but mild encounters, however, compared to the most thrilling engagement of the Revolutionary War, which was now at hand.

CHAPTER XXV

BUNKER HILL

Now you shall hear of the Battle of Bunker Hill, which was the longest step towards releasing our country from the rule of England. Lexington, Concord, and all the preceding conflicts of the Revolution had but strengthened the determination of the camp on Cambridge Common to strike a desperate blow for freedom. In this great struggle, amid the roar of artillery and the storm of shot and shell, the colonists and their enemies grappled man with man in defense of their honor and the principles for which they were willing to die.

Hearing that General Gage was to occupy a commanding position at Dorchester, the Revolutionists decided that it would be an advantage to fortify Bunker Hill, the highest point near Boston. So, one night in mid-June, a body of soldiers, under Colonel William Prescott, was chosen to make entrenchments. President Langdon, of Harvard College, pronounced God's blessing upon

them, after which they marched quietly away to Charlestown, headed by two sergeants with dark lanterns.

When they arrived at the chosen spot and looked over the lay of ground, they determined to fortify Breed's Hill instead of Bunker Hill, as the former was nearer to Boston. Under cover of darkness, they dug trenches and erected forts, Captain Samuel Gridley planning the fortifications and directing the work; while General Prescott, his blue military coat laid aside, labored strenuously with those doing the hardest tasks. A little later, General Israel Putnam and Major John Brooks arrived, and joined the six hundred at work. They were soon followed by General Thomas with his Rhode Island and Connecticut troops, and Colonel Reed with his New Hampshire regiment. These men had brought blankets along, and were able to take a little rest.

Then, at half past four, in the dim morning light, the British were amazed by the sight of the new fortifications.

"How could those Yankees fortify a place so close to Boston without our knowing it?" they asked one another.

Immediately, an English vessel called "Lively Captain Linzee," came up the river and began

firing at the works. Captain Linzee was very angry at the advantage gained by the colonists; and of all men in the world, General Prescott was the one he most desired to kill. Strangely enough, two generations later, the General's grandson, William Hickling Prescott, the historian, married Captain Linzee's grand-daughter. The swords which these two heroes carried at Bunker Hill were crossed on the library wall of the Prescott home, and so remained until placed in the Massachusetts Historical Library.

While the "Lively" was firing, General Prescott coolly walked the parapet, overseeing the men who were putting the last touches to the fortifications. In truth, the task had been a stupendous one. General Joseph Warren, General Seth Pomeroy of Northampton, and General Putnam, were almost exhausted from their labors, notwithstanding the fact that with only fifteen hundred men they must soon engage in severe battle.

It would seem that the odds were all against the small band of untrained fighters. They had but little ammunition, and many of them were scantily supplied with bullets made from melted candlesticks and the iron weights of windows and clocks. Colonel John Stark and his New Hamp-

shire men were poorly clad, yet they took their places at the rail fence, as brave as though they were protected by a fort. There was no thought of defeat.

Then came the flower of the British army to attack the patriots on Breed's Hill. Cool, confident, and light-footed, they left the boats and formed in ranks. Their bright uniforms, banners, and polished weapons gleamed in the sunshine. They largely outnumbered the patriots, and were further protected by their war-ships. Where were Generals Clinton and Burgoyne? On Copp's Hill, a long distance away—looking on. Where was Governor Gage? Safe in the tower of Christ Church, in Boston,—also looking on.

“Do not waste your ammunition, boys,” commanded General Prescott. “Do not fire until you can see the whites of their eyes.”

Up the hill charged the British. When a few rods away, General Prescott gave the word, and the patriots began shooting. The British wavered and fell back under those terrible volleys. Then they charged again with all their strength. Men fell wounded or dead, and their comrades rushed over their bodies.

“Fight on, my brave fellows, for the salvation of your country!” cried General Warren, as

he fell, bleeding and dying. Truly, they obeyed him; for twice more they repulsed the British.

The Lively and the Falcon drew nearer, and with deadly cannon swept the ground in front of the hill, to dislodge the patriots. Major General Howe, of the British forces, fought brilliantly, and kept his men from retreating. Major Pitcairn fell dead, amid a host of his followers. At the rail fence, the ground was strewn with the lifeless bodies of New England patriots. Then, when the first great battle of the Revolution was at its height, and the Americans fighting so splendidly that success seemed sure, a cry of dismay was heard:—

“Our ammunition is exhausted!”

Rallying their forces, however, they fought with stones and sticks and the butts of their guns; while, to make it all the more horrible, the British battery on Copp’s Hill opened fire on the lovely little city of Charlestown, and soon the flames had destroyed four hundred dwellings.

In the final struggle, brave General Putnam tried to organize the scattered patriot forces on the higher ground of Bunker Hill, near by, but the onslaught of the re-inforced British army was too great. The Provincials fled over Charlestown

Neck, while the British cannonaded them without mercy.

The British won the Battle of Bunker Hill, but that disastrous victory led to their losing the Thirteen American Colonies.¹

One of the first things a boy or girl visiting Boston wishes to see is Bunker Hill Monument. Each year, on the seventeenth of June, the citizens of Charlestown hold a celebration in memory of the first great battle for American Independence, which was really fought on Breed's Hill. The governor of the state, the mayor of Boston, soldiers, sailors, and school-children, led by bands playing patriotic airs, march around the noble obelisk, and pay fitting tribute to the dead.

The first Bunker Hill monument was erected by King Solomon's Lodge of Freemasons, at Charlestown.² It was a wooden structure topped with a gilded urn. Later, Dr. John C. Warren, a grandson of General Warren, purchased three acres of land on the summit of the hill. The Bunker Hill Monument Association was formed, and a prize was offered for the best design. It was won by Horatio Greenough, a Harvard student; while Samuel Willard was chosen to be architect.

King Solomon's Lodge laid the corner-stone,

which marks the spot where brave General Warren fell. On this occasion, General Lafayette and other celebrated men were present. It took many years to raise enough money to complete the work; but the Association was helped by some patriotic Massachusetts women who held a fair in Quincy Market, Boston, at which they raised thirty thousand dollars.

When you are in the Hub City, you must be sure to go to this historic battle-ground, and see the statues of some of the brave heroes who made the place famous. You must also climb the winding stairs that lead to the summit of the monument, and gaze out upon the wonderful city of Boston and her many charming suburbs.



This brave young girl remained unalarmed until a bullet whizzed past her and Madame Hancock (Page 141)

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SIEGE OF BOSTON

Four days after the Battle of Bunker Hill, Colonel John Glover marched his regiment to Cambridge, where seventeen thousand patriots had already assembled. Loud applause greeted him as he turned into the Common. He was the first officer of the army to don a complete uniform; and his men were smart and altogether pleasing in blue jackets with leather buttons.

When General George Washington arrived, a great celebration took place on Cambridge Common.¹ Headquarters were established for him in the famous Craigie house. Under the historic wide-spreading elm, near the Common, he took formal command of the Continental Army. He began at once to drill his soldiers and get them in condition for speedy fighting. He, also, blockaded Boston and laid plans for her capture.

He was much pleased with the dapper sailor-soldiers of Colonel Glover, and re-organized them

as the Fourteenth Continental Regiment. In all emergencies, these men could be depended upon, by land or sea; and General Washington required their constant service. Not long afterwards, he appointed Colonel Glover to equip and man the war vessels that had been prepared.

About this time, England recalled Governor Gage, and sent General Howe to take his place. During the Siege of Boston, the British soldiers spent their time enjoying themselves. They went to balls and parties tendered by the prominent Tory families of the city; and, in return, gave amusing plays, which took up most of their time. The Old South Meeting House was turned into a riding-school, and the fine old pulpit and pews were ruined by knives and axes.

These British soldiers and their Tory friends were quite different in appearance from the plain, patriotic Whigs. Although the seniors of Harvard chose to graduate in cheap, home-spun clothes, the gay young Tories of Boston dressed and acted, as much as possible, like the English. Such a display of crimson, blue, or purple coats; white or buff satin waistcoats, tight satin breeches, cocked hats, powdered wigs, silver buckles, and embroidered ruffles! The ladies were doing their best to dress equally well. Such full and sweep-

ing gowns of brocaded silk and satin! Such powdering of hair and tinting of complexions, and coquettish placing of little black gum-patches on their pretty faces! They were quite sure that England would speedily overpower the rebels, and for the time being, there really was nothing for them to do but enjoy themselves by entertaining the homesick British soldiers.

Meanwhile, Washington was in touch with the entire Continental Army. Even Virginia, the royal pet, was staunch and true to the cause of the Massachusetts patriots. Washington equipped his soldiers to the best of his ability, and also, looked after them when they were sick; for he appointed Isaac Foster of Charlestown, Director General of the Military Hospital Service for the entire American army.

On his birthday, General Washington received a present that cheered his heart. General Henry Knox, the book-seller who had distinguished himself at the Boston Massacre and, afterwards, at Bunker Hill, came to see him, and with his usual modesty presented the General with fifty cannon which he and his helpers had brought safely on sleds across the snow and ice. They, also, had brought enough ammunition and supplies to last the American Army all winter. The friendship

of General Washington for Henry Knox endured as long as Washington lived. Not long after, Knox was made Commander of Artillery in New York, and rose to the title of Major General.

Washington's days were indeed busy; but history records that he and some of his officials occasionally would spend a leisure hour with Molly Pitcher, a noted fortune-teller living in the thriving town of Lynn. It is said that Molly predicted wonderful victories for the American Army, most of which came true.

"Captain Molly" was one of the many heroines of those stirring days of the Revolution, but particularly was she known as the "Heroine of Monmouth." During the battle at that place, she was carrying water to the men of Proctor's battery. As she neared the side of her husband, who was ramming a charge into his field-piece, a ball crushed his skull. He fell dead at her feet.

"Lie there, my darling," she exclaimed, "till I avenge your death!"

She took charge of the field-piece, and throughout that bloody afternoon of hot July, "Captain Molly" remained at her post, fighting the enemy of her country, while the corpse of her husband lay almost at her feet. The touching story was

related to General Washington, and he commissioned her a sergeant, and placed her on the list of half-pay officers for life.

Captain William Blackler, of the famous Glover regiment, was also much beloved by Washington; and during the brilliant engagements that took place outside of New England, he was always within easy reach of his superior officer. It was he that commanded the boat in which General Washington crossed the Delaware.

Three brave sailors from Marblehead were, also, frequently eulogized by Washington. The first of these, Commander Samuel Tucker, was a daring sea-fighter who captured forty prizes. Commander John Manley sailed the first schooner of the first fleet, created by the Provincial Congress to protect the coast and prevent the landing of supplies for the British. He also hoisted the first American flag—the sacred “Pine Tree Flag of Massachusetts.” It was Captain James Mugford who attacked a British powder boat sailing into Boston harbor. Although the vessel was loaded with arms and ammunition, and heavily guarded, he and two hundred sailors succeeded in capturing her; but he lost his life in the struggle. His last words were: “Don’t give up the vessel—you can beat them off!”

The Siege of Boston was thoroughly disgusting to the American Army. The city had become unhealthy during the warm spring days. Stores of beans, fish, and pork were beginning to spoil. The leading churches were still used as barracks for the British soldiers. The old residence of John Winthrop, and most of the Old North Church had been torn down to supply them with fuel. Indeed, it was high time to interfere before the redcoats should entirely ruin the city!

One day, while entertaining some guests at dinner, General Washington declared that the time had come for the American Army to force the British from Boston. Then he turned to Rufus Putnam, a cousin of Israel Putnam, and asked him to suggest a plan. Putnam was an engineer of much ability, and Washington had shown his usual discrimination in asking his advice.

While returning to his quarters, Putnam decided to call upon General Heath. As he was chatting with him, he noticed a book on "Field Engineering," and asked if he might borrow it. Heath, at first, refused to loan the book; but finally consented, with the understanding that it should be returned in good condition. Putnam took the book to camp, and spent the night reading directions how to make framework for movable wooden

fortifications that could hastily be constructed and set in place. Before long, he had completed a plan and shown it to General Washington.

It is needless to say that Washington was immensely pleased with Putnam's plan, and adopted it at once. Hundreds of men were set to work felling trees and preparing timber for these fortifications, which were to be moved to Dorchester Heights. To distract attention, the patriots began bombarding Boston from various batteries which they had erected in Roxbury and other places. This attack set fire to a number of buildings, and kept the English soldiers busy. During this time, four thousand men were working on the new movable fortifications, which were soon ready to be carried away. Three hundred and seventy teams were employed, and the sound of traffic was deadened by wisps of straw bound around the wagon-wheels. Indeed, it was a desperate undertaking, with so many British spies everywhere! The Revolutionists were intensely gratified when the last lumbering team had reached Dorchester Heights.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON

WHEN the eyes of General Howe and his staff penetrated the dense fog, next morning, they beheld a sight that made them widen in dismay. Two strong forts and a long series of fortifications looked down at them from Dorchester Heights. It seemed as though the Yankee patriots must be magicians as well as fighters; for, in one night, they had accomplished a task that would have taken the British many weeks to perform. The English war vessels in the harbor looked like wretched little tubs by comparison—quite unable to stand the cannonading that was sure to come. General Howe was particularly excited. He realized that the only thing to do was to make a prompt attack, although victory seemed impossible in the storm that was now raging.

Meanwhile, behind the new fortifications, General Washington and his hosts kept on working, regardless of the bad weather. Colonel Thomas Mifflin had suggested an effective weapon which

scores of men were getting ready for use—filling hogsheads with sand and stones to hurl down on the attacking enemy. The American patriots had adopted the war methods of the early Romans.

“We must get out of Boston,” declared General Howe. “They surely have trapped us.”

This was easier said than done; for he did not have enough vessels to carry away his troops comfortably, and he was afraid to leave any behind, lest the Yankees should capture them. In this dire strait, he sent word to General Washington that they would depart if no violence were shown. In case, however, any rebel hand should be raised against them, they would burn the city to the ground. Washington thought poor Boston had suffered enough; so he consented to let the British troops depart in safety, provided they should go as quickly and orderly as possible.

Before dawn of St. Patrick’s Day, the British soldiers began to embark.¹ General Howe had a strenuous time, for some of his men were rebellious and most of them were dreadfully ill-humored. Before noon, every redcoat had disappeared. Packed with them in their uncomfortable vessels were fifteen hundred Tories and their families, who had feared to remain behind. All they could take along was a few of their valuables

and such of their fine raiment as they could carry with them. Among the British was John Lovell, a patriot of Boston, who was smuggled away as a prisoner. He was freed at Halifax, however, and returned as soon as possible, to begin a long and brilliant career as a naval officer at Boston and Charlestown.

When the British had evacuated, an old-time thanksgiving was held. General Washington, leading his victorious army, marched into the city with flying banners, and a fife and drum corps before him. The people cheered with enthusiasm. Later, when they began to collect the valuables which the British had left behind in their hasty flight, they found horses and ammunition as well as quantities of buckles and hair-bows.

Soon after, a number of British vessels arrived in Boston harbor. They had come to aid General Howe, and had not known of the British evacuation. With the speed of the Mohawks at the Boston Tea Party, the patriots boarded the vessels, captured the entire force, and fifteen hundred barrels of flour and other provisions. Indeed, they could well afford to have another big thanksgiving dinner, with everything going in their favor!

Washington personally thanked Putnam,

Thomas, Ward, Porter, and the other generals for their efficient service. Then he turned the city over to the protection of General Heath, and hastened away to aid in the defense of the colonies to the south.

He had the good judgment to take Colonel Glover and his fine regiment along with him, and not long afterwards, when the Continental Army was almost destroyed by a defeat on Long Island, Glover and his men ferried their shattered forces across the river between New York and Brooklyn, in blinding fog and rain. So we see that Massachusetts preserved the American Army in a time of great need. Indeed, the men of this regiment saved the day, on many occasions, and by their skillful foraging kept the Continental Army supplied with food and ammunition. Later, when General Washington made his courageous dash upon the Hessians, at Trenton, Glover and his men poled the boats through the ice cakes on the Delaware river. This was one of the most daring events of colonial history, and it was followed by one equally as bold, when Glover and his hosts, under the command of Washington, charged solidly into Trenton, and cut off the retreat of the Hessians. This brave regiment continued to cover itself with laurels when, headed by Brigadier Gen-

eral Glover, they won other victories at Valley Forge, Peekskill, and West Point.

The seat of war was now removed from Massachusetts, although her sons aided the other colonies and helped to shape the Constitution of the United States. During the summer, the Continental Congress, in Philadelphia, honored Boston with a medal, to commemorate the day she drove out the British. At the same time, the Declaration of Independence was adopted.² Among the brave signers were five Massachusetts delegates: Samuel Adams, John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, John Hancock, and Robert Treat Paine. The latter became Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, fourteen years later.

The real prosperity of Massachusetts began the day that the British troops left her soil.³ Boston put her cluttered streets in order, and gave a royal welcome to the first Governor of the new state. This was our dear old friend, John Hancock, who came accompanied by his wife, formerly Dorothy Quincy—the girl he wooed and won at Lexington.⁴

CHAPTER XXVIII

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

AMONG the many useful men in the days of the Revolution was Benjamin Franklin.¹ He was born in Boston, but he reached the height of his career in Philadelphia. The youngest of seventeen children, he spent his childhood in a queer little frame house where the luxuries of life were limited. His father, Josiah Franklin, was a wool dyer; but as that occupation did not bring in enough money to support his large family, he became a tallow-chandler. Neither he nor his wife, who was Abiah Folger of Nantucket, were blest with ambition; but, contrary to their expectations, their seventeenth child possessed so much of it that he was able to overcome all obstacles and make a great name for himself.

From his childhood, Benjamin loved books better than the games most boys enjoyed. His father did not encourage his taste for reading, but kept him busy cutting candle-wicks and fitting them into molds; while his elder brothers made him run

errands for them. The boy hated the many duties heaped upon him, and his happiest hours were those spent in school with his beloved teacher, Sarah Kemble Knight.

Benjamin, at first, wanted to be a seaman; then he decided that he would become a printer. At the age of twelve, he was apprenticed to his brother James, to remain with him until he should be twenty-one. Although he liked printing, he often became very much dejected when James punished him unjustly. However, Matthew Adams, a merchant much interested in his advancement, gave him books until he had accumulated quite a library. Benjamin, also, wrote poems and sold them on the streets to buy other helpful books. When he was sixteen, he learned from one of his volumes that he would be healthier by abstaining from eating meat; so he became a vegetarian. The money he saved on meat, he spent to buy more books.

When his brother started the *New England Courant*, the fourth newspaper in America, Benjamin was delighted. He realized that James was envious of his literary ability, and would not be likely to publish any of his articles; so he would write various items in a disguised hand and push them under the office door, at night. When James

discovered that these worthy contributions he had been publishing were written by his brother, he was much vexed and at once proceeded to abuse him.

However, James was foolish enough to publish funny stories about the Royal Governor, which landed him in prison. During his captivity, young Benjamin conducted the business, and did so well that he was released from his apprenticeship. His success enraged James; and as his father sided with the older brother, poor Benjamin was compelled to look for another position.

When only seventeen, he went by water to New York, to seek his fortune. Someone advised him to try Philadelphia, so he traveled on, his ragged pockets bulging with soiled shirts and stockings. He knew no one in Philadelphia who might aid him. Almost starved, he bought three long rolls, and placing one under either arm, ate the third greedily as he walked along Market Street. He passed the house of Miss Read, a good-looking girl, who smiled broadly at the independent youth strolling along. A little farther on, he met a poor woman and her child, to whom he gave the loaves he was carrying under his arms.

With his sturdy energy, it did not take him long

to get a position in a printing office, and, later, he engaged board of Miss Read, the young lady who had smiled on him. Soon he returned to Boston for a short rest, and was so agreeable that his father and James tried hard to have him take his old position; but he was too anxious to get back to Miss Read and Philadelphia.

Later, Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, became interested in Benjamin, and prevailed upon him to go to England and buy a printing outfit of his own. The youth started off with a number of letters to well-known London citizens; but when he arrived in England, he found that Keith was too unpopular for his recommendations to be of avail. The result was that Ben Franklin was stranded in London, and although he finally obtained a position, he was glad to return to Philadelphia, and, with a partner, start another printing office.

Like his brother, he was unable to refrain from publishing criticisms of those in authority, so some of his patrons came to his office and threatened to give up his newspaper unless he could display more tact. Ben invited them to dine with him. All he had on the rough table was a jug of water and a dish of sawdust fashioned like an Indian pudding. The guests were much disgusted, but

Franklin began to help himself and made a great pretense of eating heartily.

“A man who can live on sawdust pudding and water as I can,” he cried, “is not dependent upon the patronage of any man.”

As a result, the circulation of his paper boomed more than ever. About this time, he published “Poor Richard’s Almanac,” which helped to establish his fortune. He, also, married Miss Read, who entered into all his pursuits with cheerful interest.

Franklin became a profound student, and astounded the world by his articles concerning scientific research. He even sent a kite with steel points into a thunder-cloud, and brought down electricity. He, also, invented the lightning rod.

Encouraged by a series of triumphs, he rose to a lofty position in the city of his adoption, and finally became a figure of national importance. He received the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard and Yale colleges. As Postmaster General, he put the postal service of the colonies on a paying basis. He, also, went to England to discuss the Stamp Act, where he soon gained the respect and confidence of the British.

When he returned to Philadelphia, he learned that he had been appointed delegate to the Second

Continental Congress. While in that position, he served as one of the composers and signers of the Declaration of Independence. During the scourge of war that followed, he went to France to ask for assistance, and was rewarded by having fleets and an army granted him. It was he that introduced Marquis de Lafayette to General Washington, and thus secured most valuable service at the time our nation was in peril; for it was the French fleet, with General Washington's army, that dealt the last blow to the British, at Yorktown.

Benjamin Franklin held the governorship of Pennsylvania for three terms; and all the rest of his life was spent in the cause of humanity. Although the seventeenth child of the poor tallow-chandler had climbed high on the ladder of fame, he was loyal to his family and his native city, to the last. At his death, he left funds to provide yearly medals for certain educational institutions in Boston.

CHAPTER XXIX

A FAMOUS TORY AND AN HONORED WHIG

ANOTHER renowned man of the same period was Benjamin Thompson, one of the Tories, who, with the British army, left Boston.¹ He was a Woburn boy, who became a profound scholar; and he revolutionized the knowledge of the world in regard to light and heat.

When only fourteen, he was a remarkable student of algebra and geometry, and was so far advanced in astronomy that he could calculate an eclipse of the sun within a few seconds of accuracy.

At the age of twenty, he married a widow fourteen years older than himself—Madame Rolfe. She was quite a wealthy woman, and gave her agreeable young husband the opportunity of associating with Royal Governor Wentworth and other celebrated gentry. They lived happily for a time at Rumford, New Hampshire, until Benjamin had to hide himself, having displeased some of his townsmen because of his loyalty to the King.

When the war broke out, he boarded a British frigate and thus escaped injury during the Siege of Boston. When the British evacuated the city, he went back to England with them, leaving his wife behind.

On account of his brilliant mind and agreeable manners, he quite won the admiration of the English people. He continued his experiments with gun-powder, and gave the British army many valuable suggestions. As a reward, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and, later, with the rank of Commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, he was given cavalry command in the British army. While holding this position, he returned to America, landing at Charleston, South Carolina. He took an active part in the closing campaigns of the southern provinces; then returned to England, where he was retired from the army on half pay.

Being naturally a great rover, he soon left London to offer his services to the Austrians, who were fighting the Turks. On his way, he became acquainted with Prince Maximilian, the future Elector of Bavaria. The prince was so much pleased with Thompson that he invited him to become an officer in his army. King George III of England not only gave his consent, but knighted him, so that he became Sir Benjamin Thompson.

He rose from one brilliant achievement to another, and, at last, settled in Munich, where he helped the government to care for the poor. It is said that whenever he fell sick, the working people prayed that he might get well. When the city was threatened by foes, Sir Benjamin, with wonderful tact and dispatch, prevented them from entering.

In addition to his many state duties, he was always making useful inventions, not the least of which was the "Rumford Roaster." He was also the founder of the Royal Institute of Great Britain. The Order of the White Eagle was conferred upon him, and he became a count. Although the title really was "Count of the Holy Roman Empire," he preferred to be known as Count Rumford, in memory of the little New England town of Rumford which had given him his first favors.

Now that we have followed the career of a renowned Tory, we must not forget one of the most notable Whigs, Brigadier General Rufus Putnam. He was born at Sutton, and earned his first money by blacking boots in the tavern of his step-father. In his spare time, he hunted partridges, which he sold to buy books, that he might gratify his longing for an education. He was a strong boy, for he

had worked in a blacksmith shop and served an apprenticeship to a millwright; so, when the French and Indian War broke out, Rufus Putnam was quite fit to be a soldier. Later, he married and settled down in the town of Rutland; but the battles at Lexington and Concord aroused his patriotism anew, so he took a regiment of his townsmen to the camp at Cambridge. At that time, he held the title of Lieutenant Colonel. You will remember that he planned the fortifications at Dorchester Heights, and that it was his genius that enabled the Americans to drive the British from Boston without firing a single shot. General Washington declared him to be the greatest engineer of the Revolutionary War.

Now, Rufus Putnam, like most of the Puritans, had the colonizing instinct in his blood. He thought that New England should send out a large number of pioneers far to the west, beyond Connecticut and Pennsylvania, to lay the foundation of a colony that would be an honor to her name.

With this thought in mind, he obtained from Congress a tract of land in the great, undiscovered West; and the Ohio Company was formed, consisting almost entirely of Massachusetts men. This was the first step towards the development of the Western states.

The first party of colonists went from Danvers, and were joined by others at Pittsburgh. They were loaded upon a flatboat, which they christened "The Mayflower," and began their trip on the Ohio river. In five days, they landed in Ohio, and commenced to build Marietta, now a proud little city where every Massachusetts tradition is still held sacred. Rufus Putnam was called the "Founder and Father of Ohio." It is strange to realize that the Great West, like the New England states, had its Pilgrim Fathers and its Mayflower.²

CHAPTER XXX

SHAYS' REBELLION

THE Revolutionary War left the new states facing a huge debt which amounted to millions of dollars. In Massachusetts, the legislature met to discuss methods to raise this money. Some of the taxpayers, who feared that they might be called upon to pay more than their just share of the national debt, started a rebellion, of which Daniel Shays of Hopkinton was really the leader.¹

"I am opposed to the high salary that Massachusetts is paying her governor," he complained. "I hate the aristocrats in the senate. I regret the high fees they are giving the lawyers. I rebel against taxation."

One day, he entered Springfield with eleven hundred valiant followers, all wearing sprigs of evergreen in their hats. He was determined to prevent the Supreme Court from holding its usual session. He had planned, also, to destroy the new arsenal and to burn down the town.

The Governor heard of the rebellion in time to

make all the necessary preparations. Over four thousand soldiers, under General Benjamin Lincoln, a noted revolutionary fighter, were sent to defend Springfield, together with General William Shepard and two thousand fighters who were already drawn up to protect the Springfield arsenal.

"We demand the surrender of that building!" shouted Daniel Shays, while the mob cheered lustily.

"Disperse!" ordered General Shepard. "If you step one foot beyond the line I have marked, we will fire!"

Shays had the courage to disobey. General Shepard was loath to shoot the brave comrades who had fought by his side in the late war, so he ordered his men to fire in the air.

Shays laughed scornfully and marched his men on further.

"Aim low and fire!" commanded Shepard.

A medley of deafening reports and startled yells resulted. Five of the rebels were killed, and many desperately wounded.

"Murderers! butchers!" shouted the astonished rioters.

Then they broke into a sprightly run, and never stopped until they had reached Ludlow, several

miles away. Here General Lincoln dispersed them in all directions, in the height of a severe blizzard.

This ended Shays' Rebellion. Still believing in his cause, but horrified at the recent bloodshed, Shays fled into New York state and never returned. In time, however, he and Eli Parsons, one of his followers, begged pardon of the legislature, and were forgiven.

This rebellion did a little good, after all; for the people of Massachusetts began to take a pronounced stand in favor of law and order, and denounced rebellion in severe terms. Yet, they saw that there must be a stronger government than that which any state could maintain; so a Constitutional Convention was held, at which a lasting and controlling government was established for the new Republic of the United States.

Cotton Tufts, a famous patriot, was the leading spirit in urging the ratification of this Federal Constitution.² He, also, helped to found the Massachusetts Medical Society and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Now, strange to say, Samuel Adams, the loyal Whig, was opposed to a national government, for he believed earnestly in state rights. Both he and

Hancock stormed at the idea of Massachusetts being ruled by the national government. On the other hand, Paul Revere and other influential men implored Adams and Hancock to ratify the new Constitution of the United States. Adams would not give in until a mass meeting had been held by the laborers of Boston, at which they passed resolutions favoring it. Then, when he heard that the plain people, whose rights he loved to defend, had come out soundly for national government, Sam Adams, too, left the old, wornout Whig party, and became as loyal a Federalist as ever lived. Later, he was made Governor of his beloved state of Massachusetts.³

We learned some time ago that the first Governor of the state was John Hancock, and that he wed charming Dorothy Quincy.

After they were married, and while the British government still wanted John's head, they settled in Fairfield, Connecticut. Dorothy had come from a distinguished family that entertained a great deal. She loved the fair town of Quincy, named in honor of her family, and which was pleasantly situated within a short distance from Boston.

When her husband was elected president of the Continental Congress, she found herself com-

pelled to move to Philadelphia. There Hancock insisted upon great state and ceremony, and on special occasions they rode in a fine carriage drawn by splendid horses. Four servants in livery attended them, and fifty horsemen, with drawn sabres, rode before and behind. Later, they moved to Boston. When Hancock was elected Governor of Massachusetts, they were living on Beacon Hill, in magnificent style. Dorothy was having all the company she wanted—and more, too, perhaps.

One day, the Governor told his wife that he had invited Count d'Estaing and the officers of the French fleet to take breakfast with them. Mrs. Hancock made hasty preparations to feed at least thirty hungry men. You can imagine her surprise to see the Count crossing Boston Common, a short time before breakfast, accompanied by one hundred and twenty officers, each in his most gorgeous attire.

Quick as a flash, Dorothy Hancock was bustling about. She set the guards on the Common to milking all the cows. She had the garden stripped of its fruits and flowers. Then she borrowed silverware, china, cake, and anything else she could think of, from her neighbors; and when the breakfast bell rang, met the Count and his staff with a pleasant smile of welcome. It is related that the

French host ate ravenously, one of the men going so far as to drink seventeen cups of tea.

When the time came to say good-by, the Count invited Mrs. Hancock to visit the fleet and bring her intimate friends along. She accepted the invitation, and soon had the Count frisking about to provide entertainment for her and five hundred companions. Count d'Estaing appeared just as polite and free from embarrassment, on this occasion, as she had been at her famous breakfast.

When Washington, President of the United States, came to Boston, the citizens vied with one another to do him honor. Every one of the official set called upon him except Governor Hancock, who could not realize that it was a greater honor to be President of the United States than Governor of Massachusetts. Before the President had time to notice the slight, however, Hancock's friends had persuaded him to pay his respects in person. President Washington returned the call as soon as possible; and the Hancocks decided that he was, indeed, a charming person, quite worthy of their patronage.

CHAPTER XXXI

THREE REMARKABLE STATESMEN

OUR old friend, John Adams, succeeded General Washington as President of the United States.¹ He had married Abigail Smith; and their stay at Washington, the new capital of the republic, was marked by many brilliant events. The good statesman, as was his sincere wish, ended his days at Quincy, the suburb of Boston that has furnished the United States with two presidents. Before that day had come, however, the country was scourged by another war with Great Britain, in which the new states were victorious.² During that period, New England again came into prominence when the sailors of Marblehead took an active part in the fight between the United States Frigate Chesapeake and the British Frigate Shannon, and did most effective work for Captain Lawrence, commander of the Chesapeake, who was killed while urging his gallant men to defend the sinking ship, to the last.

When Maine became a separate state, Massa-

chusetts found it easier to concentrate her industries. She had already added to her list of fabrics, and had set up machinery for the making of nails and other useful articles. She had built the first navigable canals in the United States for promoting commerce. Pleasure boats dotted her bays and rivers. Gas lights were used in Boston, and were much appreciated after the reign of the clumsy pioneer lantern and the dim colonial candle.³

The sixth President of the Union was John Quincy Adams, of Quincy, eldest son of the former President, John Adams.⁴ He married Louisa Catherine Johnson. His father had been a staunch Whig, but had joined the Federalists when the new Constitution of the United States had been accepted. John Quincy Adams was not a Federalist, for he was not in sympathy with slavery in the Southern states. In fact, he was the first Northern statesman to speak against the slave traffic, and his speeches were so strong and well delivered that he received the title of "Old Man Eloquent." He often said that after hearing the bombardment of Bunker Hill and seeing the burning of Charlestown, he had grown opposed to any kind of oppression. After serving his term

as President, he continued to work for his country. At the age of sixty-four, he was made congressman, and was a representative of Massachusetts for seventeen years. He finally dropped dead on the floor of the capitol, at Washington, where a metallic circle now marks the exact spot.

The second Northern statesman to take up the cry against slavery was Daniel Webster.⁵ He was born in New Hampshire, but has always been claimed by Massachusetts.

When a small boy, someone gave him a kerchief on which was printed the Constitution of the United States. It proved to be a very useful gift, for Daniel committed the words to memory, and obtained a clearer idea of the Constitution than any person of his day.

Daniel was a school teacher in his youth, and so poor that his principal possessions consisted of a pair of old saddle-bags, a few articles of clothing, and some books. Yet, notwithstanding his poverty, he saved enough money to give his brother Ezekial a college education, and to do many kindly acts for his family.

He finally decided to go to Boston to study law. Like all successful men, from his boyhood he had determined on his career and was making every

effort to fulfil his plans. The legislature of Massachusetts believed in him to such an extent that he was elected United States Senator, and re-elected again and again for twenty years.

It is related that his enemies called him a Hindoo, which led to some of the visitors to the capitol believing that he was a colored man. His dusky skin and piercing black eyes, however, could not detract from his eloquence; and everyone who came in contact with the man believed in him and his cause.

Before he had risen to his highest honors, his wife, formerly Grace Taylor of Hopkinton, his two children, and his brother Ezekiel died; but his saddened life became brighter after his marriage to his second wife, Caroline Bayard LeRoy of New York.

Daniel Webster often dined with English nobility when abroad, and was eulogized by Queen Victoria, while her guest, for his dignity and great learning. He might have been President; but he made enemies by trying to prevent the Civil War.

His country home at Marshfield was one of the finest places of its time, and was surrounded by a stock farm filled with horses, cattle, sheep, llamas, chickens, guinea-fowls, and peacocks. The house was noted for its interesting paintings and

engravings, and its bed-chambers, each furnished in a different color. The guests who entered his doors never forgot the meaning of New England hospitality.

Daniel Webster may have owed his success in life to the little kerchief over which he pondered so many hours, while still a little country boy; for, a half century later, he delivered, in the national capitol, a speech regarding the Constitution of the United States, which is considered one of the masterpieces of American literature. Another remarkable speech led to a treaty with Great Britain, which freed the American Republic from foreign entanglements and intrusions. His lectures at Bunker Hill, in truth, are enough to endear him to all American people. The greatest eulogy we can pronounce over Daniel Webster, the statesman, diplomatist, politician, orator, and lawyer, is to say that he was true to all the traditions of his country. His dying request was that he might be permitted to gaze for the last time upon the American Flag.

CHAPTER XXXII

VARIOUS TYPES OF MASSACHUSETTS MEN

AFTER the death of Daniel Webster, the leading lawyer in Massachusetts was Rufus Choate, who became Congressman, Senator, and Attorney General. He was an Essex boy, and was living at Salem when he made up his mind to study law in Boston.¹

Another celebrity of Webster's time was Horace Mann, of Franklin.² You must remember about him, for he was the "Father of the American School System," which you are enjoying to-day. Horace Mann did not wish to be rich or famous. He simply wanted to be useful and to advance the cause of education. He especially desired that poor boys might share the advantages which, up to then, had been restricted to the rich. He also took decided interest in the education of girls. This was a daring attitude for those days, as John Pierpont, a Boston minister, had been injured by an angry mob for insisting upon

the admission of girls to the Boston high schools.³

While president of the Senate of Massachusetts, Horace Mann signed the bill authorizing the formation of a Board of Education.⁴ A school fund was raised; the common schools were all reorganized; and the normal schools for training teachers were created as well as the Normal Art School of Boston, to be supported by the state.

Stories are told of Horace Mann's great capacity for work, and his willingness to do things that few men in his position would condescend to do. At Pittsfield, for example, while waiting for the teachers to assemble at the institute, he observed that the room was untidy. Supplying himself with two brooms, he gave one to the Governor of the state, and worked with great zeal until the room was orderly enough to shame any careless janitor.

There were three merchants in Massachusetts that had remarkably interesting lives. One of them was Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, who amassed quite a fortune. Like many others who become rich suddenly, Timothy quite lost his head, and imagined that he was one of the grandest individuals in the world. He built himself a palace in his native town, which he furnished very

elaborately, and cluttered with statues of great men, including one of himself. Everybody in the town laughed at him; but he thought that they were only envious, and kept on living in pompous style.

When the Province was yet young, merchants were accustomed to sending various articles to the West Indies, for trade. On one occasion, they loaded their ship with a cargo of grain and other necessary things, and wondered what Lord Timothy would contribute. What do you suppose he sent? A consignment of warming-pans! How the merchants laughed when they imagined the astonishment of the West Indians at the sight of such useless articles!

Weeks passed before anything was heard about the shipment. Then they learned that the pans had brought a tremendous price. All of them had been sold and many more were demanded. Lord Timothy's fortune was made, and he could well afford to live in splendor the rest of his days. The warming-pans were just what the people of the hot West Indies wanted for straining sugar!

Another successful merchant was Amos Lawrence, of Groton, the first great American manufacturer of cloth.⁵ He began life as a clerk; but

patient application brought him a dry-goods store of his own. During his day, he controlled the largest wholesale business in America, and made Lawrence the manufacturing center of New England.

The thriving town of Peabody, once known as South Danvers, was named for one of the greatest merchants and bankers the world has ever known. George Peabody was a poor boy, with a strong mind and a kind heart.⁶ He received a scanty education in a district school. When but twelve years of age, he became a grocer's boy, and for the next seven years clerked and farmed to accumulate a little money. Then, a man who had taken an interest in his welfare loaned him two thousand dollars to start a store. At nineteen, he owned a wholesale business in Baltimore, which became enormous; later, he even had branch stores in New York and Philadelphia. His next move was to establish himself in London, where he sold out his American interests and became a banker. He never married, and lived as simply as possible; yet he made the acquaintance of all the celebrated people of the day.

Queen Victoria offered him a knighthood, but he declined it, saying: "If your Majesty will



“So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm”
(Page 142)

write me a personal letter indorsing my desire to help the poor of London, I will be more than delighted."

The Queen wrote him the letter, and sent him her portrait enameled on gold. Both the letter and the picture are now in the Peabody Institute, at Peabody, Massachusetts.

Unlike many rich men, his first thought was always for the poor and the distressed, and his great fortune was bequeathed to educational and charitable institutions.

The highest honor ever bestowed upon an American citizen was paid to his memory when his body was about to be shipped to his native home in Massachusetts. Queen Victoria ordered special services in Westminster Abbey, and had his remains brought back to America in great state, on the British man-of-war *Monarch*, which was convoyed by a French and an English gunboat.

So many speak of the good they would do if they only had money; but some of the noblest deeds of George Peabody were accomplished while he was still struggling to win a lasting name.

There are many people with quiet, sweet natures, who live their useful lives and pass away, to be remembered only by the few friends who

knew and loved them. Such an individual was Jonathan Chapman, or "Johnny Appleseed," who left his native state of Massachusetts, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to roam the pleasant valleys of the West.

He was a scholar, of a deeply religious temperament, and so fond of nature that he lived in the shelter of the woods. He was always poorly clad, for although the people for whom he labored so lovingly gave him comfortable clothing, Johnny's unselfishness never permitted him to keep any but the barest necessities for himself. He would frequently appear from his forest retreats, laden with choice treasures from the bosom of Mother Earth, including everything from beautiful flowers, branches, and herbs, to empty snail shells. These he would bestow upon the people he met.

The death of his sweetheart, a lover of apple blossoms, had suggested a beautiful idea to him that might be of benefit to others mourning the loss of loved ones. Instead of growing sour or melancholy, he went to Pittsburgh and collected many bags of apple-seeds from cider mills. Filling a canoe with these seeds, he rowed down the Ohio river, and up the smaller streams emptying into it. After finding an open glade in the forest, he would dig up the soil, plant some seeds, weave a brush fence around the spot to keep out the deer,

and move on. Often, he would return to trim the little trees that sprang up; and, in time, the settlers swarming into these rich lands found all the fruit trees they needed.

It is said that one thousand orchards in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, owe their existence to Johnny Appleseed. He is known as the "Patron Saint of Orchards." He, also, planted pear and plum trees, grape vines, and many herbs used for medicine.

When Mansfield, Ohio, then a tiny settlement with a block house, was threatened by Indians, Johnny Appleseed went to Mount Vernon, thirty miles away, to call out the government troops; and thus saved the town. Paul Revere did nothing braver.

For nearly half a century, Johnny Appleseed lived in the forest, his heart filled with joy at the beauty of nature. Not until he had gone did people realize that he was one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

Just before his death near Fort Wayne, Indiana, Johnny Appleseed offered a prayer notable for its sweetness and trust. His Hoosier friends gave him a fine tribute, in which it was recorded: "His name heads the Angel's scroll, along with that of Abou Ben Adhem; for he was one that loved his fellow men, 'and he sowed beside all waters'."

CHAPTER XXXIII

PATRIOTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

MASSACHUSETTS opposed the Mexican War, although Caleb Cushing and others of the Old Bay State raised very creditable regiments, and rendered valuable service to the cause.¹ Such men as Charles Sumner, Nathaniel P. Banks, John Albion Andrew, B. F. Butler, and Henry Wilson, leading Federalists opposed to slavery, were too busy founding the Republican party to want to become involved in difficulties with other nations.

However, Progress had smiled upon Massachusetts since the early days when Paul Revere had carried messages from one scattered settlement to another; so these leaders of the present day were able to work with greater dispatch and intelligence. Now there were railways, a good postal service, express companies, and many other conveniences; and a splendid library adorned the city of Boston, where those who loved to read could find the best books and newspapers of the day.²

Charles Sumner was the famous son of a noble patriot, Charles Pinckney Sumner. When quite a young man, Charles happened to be present at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, presided over by John Quincy Adams, when the case came up of a negro who had tried to escape from the South into Canada. His master was making a desperate effort to have him returned to his possession. Charles Sumner, moved by the pitiable condition of the prisoner, made his first great speech against slavery.

Out of Washington's Federalist party came the Liberty party; then the regular Republican party, with Charles Sumner as one of the founders.³ Sumner went to Congress, and spoke his mind fearlessly, without thought of the desperate men who threatened him. When Kansas was about to be taken into the Union, he fought against her being admitted as a slave state. In a speech entitled "The Crime Against Kansas," he talked two entire days, summing up his argument by declaring that Kansas should be allowed to make her own decision.

Then Sumner was sent to the Senate, where he became so personal in his remarks that one of his enemies entering the Chamber where the famous orator and statesman was bending over his desk,

writing a letter, beat him over the head with a cane until he fell senseless. Senator Sumner never fully recovered from that cowardly attack. Both the North and the South, and also the far western states, were enraged, and wanted to punish his assailant. Massachusetts offered Sumner money as compensation, but he refused it.

“Whatever Massachusetts can give, let it go to suffering Kansas,” he moaned.

When he was able to sit up, he learned that he had been re-elected to the Senate, and that during his long illness, Massachusetts would allow no one to serve in his stead. For fourteen years more, Sumner upheld the honor of his native state, and was our strongest champion of equality for all men.⁴

During the great agitation against slavery, the people of Massachusetts showed lofty ideals. William Henry Channing was one of the first ministers to express his interest in all humanity.⁵ He, also, established Brook Farm, an agricultural colony, at Roxbury, where literary and scientific instructions were given. The head of this institution was Dr. George Ripley, one of the founders of the Transcendental Club, which included such great men as Amos Bronson Alcott, Frederic

Henry Hedge, and Charles A. Dana. This was the first effort to dignify labor, and bring out its spiritual and intellectual side.

Edward Everett was another great organizer of charitable societies. He was a president of Harvard, a United States Senator, and a lecturer with wide influence.⁶

Phillips Brooks, also, lent vast aid to mold the high destiny of Massachusetts. He was an eminent preacher, a fine orator, and a writer of ability; and he rose to the rank of Bishop of Massachusetts.⁷

Theodore Parker established the twenty-eighth Congregational Society. He also took part in the crusade against slavery, delivered many brilliant lectures, and wrote several volumes on topics chosen to benefit all classes of people.⁸

Samuel Gridley Howe, a great philanthropist, organized the Massachusetts State Board of Charity, the first of its kind in America.⁹

William Lloyd Garrison was another strong power in those days of remarkable men.¹⁰ He was a Newburyport boy, and began his career as an apprentice in a small printing-office. While a reporter for a Baltimore newspaper, he was imprisoned for denouncing a sea-captain who had taken a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to New Orleans.

When he returned to Boston, he published the *Liberator*, a paper denouncing slavery; and, although he was dragged from his office many a time by an angry mob, he persisted in what he firmly believed was his duty. He, also, wrote a number of admirable poems.

Wendell Phillips was another noted man.¹¹ Handsome, well-bred, and polished, though he was, his speeches were so violent that his enemies continually threatened him. His dearest companion was William Ellery Channing, the leader of the Unitarian movement that divided the Congregational church of New England.¹² These two men stood side by side in their fight against slavery.

Phillips was present at a great mass meeting. The crowd that filled the building on that occasion was most indignant; for it had been learned that one of the New England ministers, Elijah P. Lovejoy, had been killed by some ruffians in Alton, Illinois, simply because he had protested against a negro-burning mob. The people of Massachusetts, who were used to free speech, could not understand how anyone had dared to murder one of their own number simply because he had expressed himself bravely and honestly.

William Ellery Channing, who was called the

“Apostle of Liberty,” offered resolutions condemning the Alton mob, and stood firmly for free speech and a free press. When the Attorney General said that the mob in Alton was just as patriotic as the men of the Boston Tea Party, Wendell Phillips flew into a rage.

Springing to the platform, he denounced the Alton mob, and all others who stood for lawlessness, and against free speech and individual opinion. Such a bombardment as he launched against them! Some of his enemies tried to hiss him from the platform, but he held his ground until he had finished. In the storm of applause that followed, many patriots realized that no greater oratory had aroused the echoes of old Faneuil since that of James Otis.

Nearer and nearer loomed the Civil War.¹³ Massachusetts hated to see the Southern states leave the Union, remembering the stormy days when they had all fought together against the despotic power of England; but that experience as well as many others had taught the Bay State to hate oppression. It was impossible for her to view slavery with the eyes of her Southern sisters. With bated breath, she awaited the news from other parts of the great nation. One by one

the Southern states seceded until only Kentucky remained. Then Fort Sumter was fired upon. The war had begun in earnest.

When Abraham Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men, Massachusetts was first to respond. John Albion Andrew, known as the "War Governor of Massachusetts," received special praise from the government; for as soon as the call had been issued, Andrew's troops began to muster, and were off in a few hours.¹⁴ The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, under Colonel Jones, of Pepperell, was the first to shed its blood.

Nathaniel P. Banks, of Waltham, had sprung from the rank of a bobbin-boy in a great factory, to the position of Congressman and Governor of Massachusetts; and during the Civil War he was made Major General of the United States Volunteers.¹⁵

William Francis Bartlett, of Haverhill, organized the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, and served as colonel in the brilliant Louisiana Expedition of General Banks.¹⁶

Charles Devens, another notable warrior, also rose to great heights.¹⁷ In turn, he was State Senator, United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts, Brigadier General of the Army, Associate Justice of the Superior and Supreme

Courts of Massachusetts, and United States Attorney General under President Hayes.

There are many others who became distinguished during the war. It might be added that, although Massachusetts loves freedom and prefers peace when the conditions are favorable, she is the first to take a stand against any issue that may be injurious to the commonwealth.

During the Spanish War, Massachusetts furnished nearly twelve thousand soldiers, although the United States government only asked her for seven thousand.¹⁸

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE TELEGRAPH, THE TELEPHONE, AND THE CABLE

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, one of the brightest and pluckiest boys of the Old Bay State, was born in Charlestown.¹ Almost the first inspiring sight which he beheld was Bunker Hill, and surely that was enough to make him wish to achieve a success as lofty as the monument itself. Like most celebrated people, Samuel realized that time is precious. He wanted to know all that is useful, and studied so hard that he was able to enter Yale College at the age of fourteen.

A few years later, he became quite a good portrait painter, and traveled from place to place making pictures of people. Sometimes he would get as much as sixty dollars for an especially good likeness. Thus encouraged, he kept at work until prizes and medals began to come his way. Then he went to New York to study, and succeeded in founding the National Academy of Design, one of the important art centers of the world. He was made its first president, and remained in office for sixteen years.

Now, Samuel Morse was not the kind of man who thinks only along one line. He began to study other interesting subjects, especially electricity.

“Why can’t our words be transmitted from one place to another by electricity?” he asked himself.

No one paid any attention to such foolishness. They thought he had studied art so long he must have developed into a dreamer. Nothing daunted, he asked Congress to provide a sum of money, that he might experiment with wires and machinery to see if sound could not be transmitted by means of electricity.

Congress refused to take any interest in his case, so his friends raised the funds for him to go abroad; but there he met with the same ridicule and opposition. He returned to America, and made another attempt to obtain thirty thousand dollars from Congress, to be used in experimenting on a long-distance wire. He expressed himself so clearly and sensibly this time that Congress finally passed the bill he had presented. Then he learned that Congress was simply disposing of the matter as easily as possible, relying on the fact that the Senate must ratify the bill before he could get the money; and well he knew that it was a very

hard thing for a poor man to get a bill approved by the Senate.

When the day arrived, Morse went to the Senate Chamber to learn his fate. From the visitors' gallery he looked down on the throng of wise and practical men. One hundred and nineteen petitions were yet to be considered before his request should be heard.

"They will be so tired and disgusted, they will not consider my bill," he complained as he left the Senate to return to his lodging-house.

He made up his mind that he would go home and not bother any more about an ungrateful public; but as he was packing his valise, next morning, Elizabeth Ellsworth, a charming girl friend, called to see him. She was bright and smiling, and she shook his hand more cordially than usual.

"I thought I must run right over to congratulate you," she said.

"What for?" he asked, in surprise.

"Your bill passed the Senate, and you will get the money to make your valuable experiments."

He asked her why she chose to joke with him at such a time.

"It is every word true," she insisted. "Father stayed to see what would become of the bill, and it

was passed just five minutes before the Senate adjourned. Mother said you must come right over and have breakfast with us."

"If what you say is true, I will never forget you," declared Morse, happier than he had been in all his life. "When my telegraph line is opened you shall send the first message."

Not long after, Morse had set up his experimental line between Baltimore and Washington. On the day of the first trial, he stood at the end of the line, in the chamber of the Supreme Court at Washington. The great moment was at hand! What if he should fail, and the Senate should denounce him for getting government money under false pretenses? What if he should disappoint Elizabeth Ellsworth? Elizabeth was there by his side, smiling and confident. The silence was so deep one could have heard a pin drop.

"I am ready for you to give the message to Baltimore," said Morse, turning anxiously toward the girl.

Elizabeth, wishing God's blessing on the experiment, had chosen the latter part of the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of Numbers. She believed that a few sacred words from the Bible would go further on those magic wires than any other message she might utter.

“What hath God wrought?” she dictated, without a quaver.²

These words brought fame and fortune to Samuel Morse.

Of course, he had much trouble with patents, but he came out of all his difficulties with flying colors. He was decorated by the French and German Emperors; the Kings of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, and Wurtemberg; and the Sultan of Turkey. Not long afterwards, ten leading European sovereigns met in special session at Paris, and voted him a gift of eighty thousand dollars.

The most wonderful event of the age happened later, when another young lady, under the direction of Mr. Morse, sent out the following message from New York to ten thousand telegraphic instruments:—

“Greeting and thanks to the telegraphic fraternity throughout all the world—Glory to God in the Highest—on earth peace, good will to men!”

A son of Massachusetts bestowed upon mankind another most useful invention—the telephone. Alexander Graham Bell was born in Edinburgh; but he gave all the credit of his discovery to his friends in the Old Bay State.³

He held a position in Boston University, where he taught students to use their voices properly. He was, also, successful in teaching the dumb to speak. Dr. Bell knew quite a little about electricity, and often declared that the human voice could be transmitted over a wire. Of course, people laughed at him, as they had at Mr. Morse, and, as is always the case, the most ignorant ones laughed the loudest.

A few of his friends furnished the money for him to procure and perfect a patent. He gave up his position as teacher, and lived in an attic, where he worked day and night, applying all the electrical knowledge he possessed.

One day, while at work in the next room, Thomas A. Watson, his assistant, accidentally struck the transmitter. Bell, who was at the receiver, heard the sound as distinctly as though he were by the side of his assistant. He was greatly excited.

“Mr. Watson, come here—I want you!” he cried over the wire.

In less than a half minute, Watson had reached his side. Together they rejoiced over the first clear speech made by telephone.⁴

Forty years later, Dr. Bell, in New York, spoke over the telephone to Mr. Watson, in San Francisco, again telling him to come; but on that occa-

sion it was a week before his assistant could appear before him.

Aside from Mr. Watson, Dr. Bell received his greatest help in perfecting the telephone from Dr. Francis I. Blake, an ear specialist. In fact, Dr. Blake furnished the model of a human ear, which Dr. Bell utilized in fashioning his telephone receiver.

At the Centennial Exposition, in Philadelphia, Bell gave marvelous demonstrations with his newly-completed telephone.⁵ The visitors were amazed, and gathered in vast crowds to see it. He invited them all to talk into the transmitter; and it is said that no telephone since that time has ever been so busy.

Dr. Bell had trouble with men who tried to steal his patent; but the Supreme Court of the United States declared, twelve years after the Centennial at Philadelphia, that Alexander Graham Bell, of Massachusetts, was the real inventor of the telephone.

Two tablets have recently been unveiled in Boston, by Dr. Bell.⁶ The first one was placed on the front of the Palace Theater, which stands on the site of the building where the telephone was completed. The second one is on the front of

a building in Exeter Street, where the first clear telephonic message was transmitted by Dr. Bell.

Cyrus West Field, of Stockbridge, much impressed by the advantages which the telegraph and the telephone afforded, desired to go still further and make it possible for the entire world to be in close communication.

After thirteen long years of hard and discouraging work, he succeeded in laying a cable on the bed of the Atlantic, between England and the United States. The first cable parted after it had been laid three hundred miles, at a cost of a half million dollars, and the work had to be done over. The second cable had been completed, and President Buchanan and Queen Victoria had exchanged messages when, suddenly, it ceased working. Another attempt was made to lay a stronger cable, but it broke and the end of it was lost before it could be stretched half way across the ocean. Although Field was ridiculed by a great many people, he was not disheartened. After engaging a ship called the Great Eastern to carry the necessary materials, he set out to lay another still stronger cable. This time the great wire rope did not break, nor was the end of it lost in the sea.

For more than a half century it has remained in good condition.

We should be grateful to Cyrus West Field for completing a process to connect the entire world by the use of this wonderful contrivance.⁷

Now many cables cross the Atlantic and the Pacific, and messages can be sent around the globe in a few hours. As a result, our newspapers are able to give us long accounts of the late events that are happening everywhere.

Morse, Bell, and Field, of Massachusetts, rank high among the world's greatest inventors.

CHAPTER XXXV

INVENTORS AND PIONEERS

SOUTHERN people are grateful for the ingenuity of Eli Whitney, of Westborough, one of the first Massachusetts inventors. After General Nathanael Green had driven the British out of Georgia, his widow, who was a thrifty New England lady, went to work to improve her large plantation near Savannah.

One day, while a guest in the Green home, Eli Whitney mended the widow's embroidery frame. She was very much pleased with the neatness and dispatch he displayed, and upon questioning him learned that he had made watches, fiddles, and all sorts of useful things from wood and metal.

"Why don't you invent a machine for cleaning cotton?" she asked. "One man may work from dawn till sunset, and yet be able to take the seeds from only one pound of cotton."

This was a fine idea for the brilliant Whitney to ponder over. He immediately opened a workshop, where he made his own tools and drew his own wire. Then he began to construct and to experi-

ment until he had completed a gin that, in a day, could clean the seeds from five thousand pounds of cotton.¹

Law-suits followed; for several men made imitations of Whitney's cotton-gin, and did all they could to rob him of his reward. During that time he might have starved but for a contract he secured to make a quantity of fire-arms.

The renowned Robert Fulton declared that Eli Whitney, by inventing the cotton-gin, had done more for the cause of industry than any other inventor of his age.

Abner Phelps, a Boston boy educated at Williams College, is another remarkable man whom the people of Massachusetts greatly admire. He was much interested in the first railway in the United States, which was built between the granite quarries of Quincy and the tide waters at Neponset, three miles away.² It was considered a wonderful contrivance, although to-day it would be regarded as a very crude and clumsy affair.

During Abner's boyhood, many railroads were planned. The thought came to him that it would be a great thing to build a state road through Massachusetts to the Hudson river, near Albany, so as to open traffic with the West. When he was

sent to the legislature this was one of the first suggestions he made.

“But what about Hoosac Mountain, in Berkshire County?” asked the doubtful ones. “How can a train pass over a mountain two thousand feet high and five miles thick?”

“We will bore a hole through the mountain,” said Phelps.

Years passed before he realized his ambition. The legislature refused to furnish money; the crude tunneling machine broke down; and the workmen, in disgust, gave up the task. Then Charles Burleigh, a Fitchburg inventor, made a drill that could be driven by steam and compressed air. It was just what was needed to bore the big hole in Hoosac Mountain; and it was soon tearing its way through the solid rock. Work was delayed continually because of oozing water, explosions, and fires; and nearly two hundred lives were lost before the opening was completed.

The Hoosac tunnel was the first of its kind in the world; and even in our time it is considered a very extraordinary piece of work, ventilated as it is by three immense shafts, and illuminated by over twelve hundred electric lights.³

A special volume would be required to name all

the inventors, discoverers, and pioneers along various lines who came from Massachusetts; but I will give you a list of quite a number of them, and you can add to it from time to time.

John Alden, of Plymouth, was the first cooper.

Thomas Beard, of Plymouth, was the first shoemaker.

Samuel Willard, of Roxbury, was the first clock-maker.

Aaron L. Dennison and Edward Howard, of Boston, made the first American watches.

John Harmon, of Boston, was the first rope-maker.

Alonzo D. Phillips, of Springfield, made the first friction matches.

Joseph Dixon, of Salem, made the first American lead-pencils.

Isaac Stoughton, of Dorchester, built the first water-mill for grinding corn.

Isaac Babbitt, of Taunton, invented Babbitt metal and Britannia ware.

Oliver Edwards, of Springfield, invented the Florence oil-stove.

Ebenezer Butterick, of Sterling, made the first tissue-paper dress-patterns.

William F. Trowbridge, of Feltonville, was the first to make shoes by steam-power machinery.

Abel Stowell, of Worcester, was the first to make small hardware articles by machinery.

James Conant, of Marblehead, was the first to make sewing-silk by machinery.

John Ames, of Springfield, perfected the first machine for cutting and ruling paper.

John Schofield, of Newburyport, made the first wool-carding machine.

Elias Howe, of Spencer, invented the sewing-machine. At the Paris Exposition he received a gold medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Jacob Perkins, of Newburyport, made the first steel-plate engraving; patented a nail machine; invented a rapid-firing gun; also, an instrument to measure the speed of a vessel, and another to measure the depth of water. His son, Angier March Perkins, established the system of warming buildings by steam at high pressure. His grandson, Loftus Perkins, also invented many useful things.

Theodore Pearson, of Newburyport, was the first cracker-baker.

John Hannan, of Boston, manufactured the first chocolate made in the British Provinces of America.

Charles Mitchell, of Boston, began the industry of food canning.

Edward Chaffee, of Roxbury, was the first India-rubber manufacturer.

Frederick Tudor, of Boston, started the first American ice business.

Elijah Alvord, of Greenfield, was the first scientific dairy farmer.

David Melville, of Watertown, was the first to light his factories with gas.

Julius Walker Adams, of Boston, was the first famous civil engineer.

Asa Whitney, of Townsend, made the first satisfactory car-wheels.

Henry Davis Minot, of West Roxbury, was the first railroad man of his day, and the youngest railway president in the history of the nation. Although he had spent years trying to perfect plans to prevent accident by rail, he was killed in a train wreck.

Francis Allston Channing, of Boston, a Unitarian minister, led the movement to shorten the hours of railway employés.

Charles G. Page, of Salem, made the first suggestion of a telephone.

Edward Charles Pickering, of Boston, invented a telephone receiver. He also built the observatory at Harvard University, where he studied the relative brightness of over four thousand stars.

Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discovered a comet, for which she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark.

Percival Lowell, of Boston, founded the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, where noted astronomical observations have been made.

Benjamin Bramin, of Norton, was the first to do research work with the microscope.

Much of our knowledge of physical chemistry is due to the researches of Dr. Arthur A. Noyes, of Newburyport; although Charles Loring Jackson, of Boston, discovered thirty-eight chemical compounds.

William G. T. Morton, of Boston, discovered the power of ether to dull the perception of pain.

Jeremiah Colburn, of Boston, was the first American authority on minerals and coins.

John Trowbridge, of Boston, established a course in physics, at Harvard University, out of which grew the Jefferson Physical Laboratory.

Theodore Lyman, of Waltham, made the first scientific experiments for the cultivation and preservation of food fishes.

Henry Larcom Abbott, of Beverly, planned and developed the United States system of submarine mines for coast and river defense.

Joseph Henry Walker, of Boston, a Republican

congressman for four terms, founded the Walker Oakley tanneries at Chicago.

William Frederick Poole, of Salem, organized the Chicago and Cincinnati Public Libraries.

William Hubbard of Boston was the first historian, and a member of the first class to graduate from Harvard College. The state paid him two hundred and fifty dollars for his "History of Massachusetts Province."

Nathaniel Dwight, of Northampton, prepared the first school geography; and suggested our present system of asylums for the insane.

Louis Prang, of Roxbury, gave the schools of America their first published course in drawing.

James Campbell, of Boston, brought out the first American newspaper.

Maturin Murray Ballou, of Boston, published the first illustrated weekly.

Ben Perley Poore, of Newburyport, was one of the leaders of advanced style in journalistic writing. At the age of nineteen, he was made editor of a prominent Southern newspaper. Later, he became *attaché* of the American Legation at Brussels; and Historical Agent, in France, for the state of Massachusetts.

James Jackson Jarvis, of Boston, established the first newspaper in Honolulu.

Stephen Daye, of Cambridge, was the first book publisher.

Edward Bellamy, of Chicopee Falls, with the publication of his novel, "Looking Backward," became the first spokesman of "nationalism."

Hannah Adams, of Medfield, was the first woman in the United States to make writing her profession.

At the age of seventeen, Lydia Maria Child, of Medford, wrote the first book against slavery.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, of Boston, was the youngest woman writer to attain fame. At thirteen, her first story appeared in "Youth's Companion."

Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, of Cambridge, was the first president of Radcliffe College, formerly known as the "Harvard Annex."

Clara Barton, of Oxford, was the first president of the American Red Cross Society.

Mary Swift Lamson, of Nantucket, was the first pupil of the first class in the first normal school of the first state to establish an educational system—Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IRISH CITIZENS

THERE is nothing in history more pitiful than the struggle of the Irish people who came to Massachusetts to found a home. Imagine the horrors of the sixty-five passengers of the *Seaflower*, who came into Boston harbor about the middle of the eighteenth century.¹ For sixteen long weeks they had been rocked by a black and stormy ocean. The vessel was out of repair, and they expected at any moment to sink into the angry billows that seethed about them. Their supply of water had failed, and their last morsel of food had been eaten when they were but halfway to the Land of Promise. Sicknes and starvation beset them. All the officers of the ship and many of the brave little party died in horrible anguish. When all hope seemed gone, they were rescued by a man-of-war and taken to Boston, although they had intended to settle in Philadelphia.

Boston must have seemed like Paradise to these suffering people, especially when many of their

own countrymen, who had arrived a few years before, came to meet them and to make them comfortable.² Truly, the early Irish settlers could sympathize with the sufferings of the Seaflower passengers; for they, too, had felt the scourge of the angry ocean, and the pangs of disease and starvation. Many of those who had come over from Great Britain, to escape the tyranny of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, had been sold as servants or slaves by those who had paid their expenses.

The first Irish immigrants were not even as welcome as the Pilgrims who had landed at Plymouth. In fact, they had a most dreary time of it until Captain Robert Temple arrived with a very superior Irish colony, and at once began to look after the interests of his countrymen.³ Before long, the Irish people gained the respect of the older settlers of Massachusetts; and during all the wars that followed, they were noted for their loyalty. What thrift and industry they had brought with them! The first Association of Irishmen in Boston was formed, and everything possible was done to promote the welfare of all Irish-American people. A little Catholic church was built;⁴ and the Presbyterians bought a barn and converted it into a house of worship.⁵ The English settlers could

not but marvel at their progress. A society was established to preserve all kinds of industry; and on Boston Common, women came by the hundreds to take part in spinning contests. They wore garments they themselves had made, prettily fashioned and embroidered. A band of music invited them to do their best, while the men looked on and gave liberal praise to the winners.

During the War of the Revolution, there were no patriots more earnest than the Irish. Offices of trust and responsibility were given them, which were never betrayed. They held to the traditions of Massachusetts, and worked gradually to the fore until in our time we find them holding the responsible positions of governor, mayor, and any other post where ability is required.

Daniel Malcolm was one of the first Irishmen to be honored by the provincial government. He was appointed meat inspector, and right well did he discharge his duty. Some revenue officers, suspecting that he had prohibited goods in his possession, began to search his place of business, without warrant. When Malcolm caught them making themselves so free with his property, he chased them out, exhibiting such fury that they feared to return.

When Governor Gage was stationed at the Cas-

tle, a ship stored with wine and other goods arrived in Boston harbor, from Madeira. The vessel was owned by John Hancock; and a part of the wine was consigned to Malcolm, who took several strapping fellows along with him to convey it to his place of business.

Before long, the British were raging because there had been an attempt to evade the duty on the cargo. Governor Gage threatened to seize Hancock's ship, and wreak his vengeance upon her. A fight followed, in which Malcolm figured boldly. Swords were broken, and many severe bruises were exchanged; but no lives were lost. Malcolm and his American followers were crowned with victory, especially when they stole an old boat used by the revenue collector, and burned it on Boston Common.

After that exhibition of courage, Malcolm was placed on all important committees, with such men as James Otis, Sam Adams, John Adams, and John Hancock. He was buried on Copp's Hill, in the city's oldest cemetery, and during the Siege of Boston his tombstone was used for target practice by the more resentful British soldiers.

You must have observed that among the Massachusetts people introduced to you in this great American drama, there are many illustrious Irish

patriots. For instance, there is John Hancock, the exalted governor, who signed the Declaration of Independence. When the old barn was bought, to be used as a Presbyterian church, Hancock equipped it with a bell and a vane.

Another Irishman, Major General Henry Knox, the handsome Boston book-seller, rose to distinction and became the intimate friend of General Washington.

Robert Treat Paine, another signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose fine old home on Beacon Hill is one of the landmarks of Boston, was Irish, as was John Boyle O'Reilly, the picturesque poet, whose statue guards Fenway Park.

Peter Pelham was the founder of the Irish Society. He married the widow of Richard Copley. Mrs. Copley was keeping a tobacco store on Long Wharf, Boston, when Pelham fell in love with her. John Singleton Copley, her son by her first husband, became a distinguished painter and a patron of arts. One of his best works is a portrait of his beloved half-brother, Henry Pelham. John Copley's son was a brilliant lawyer, Lord Chancellor of England, and a British peer with the title of Lord Lyndhurst.

Robert Auchmuty was a noted Irish wit who did

much to organize the expedition sent out to capture Louisburg.

James Boies, it is said, found an Irish immigrant weeping bitterly on the road that leads to Milton. He helped the unhappy man to get back to Ireland. Dean Swift, upon hearing of the Irishman's adventures, was inspired to write "Gulliver's Travels," which has become a classic.

James Sullivan was a noted organizer of troops, a writer, a governor of the state—and an Irishman.

Then there is the famous Jackson family: Charles Jackson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; his brother, James, one of the greatest physicians the world has ever known; and another brother, Patrick Tracy Jackson, who with Francis C. Lowell established cotton mills and introduced the power loom into New England. Together they invented a model for which Paul Moody made a machine, and built a mill at Waltham.⁶ This was the first factory in the world to combine all the processes of turning raw cotton into finished cloth. They, also, founded the flourishing city of Lowell, which is known as the "City of Spindles."

The Most Reverend John J. Williams, of Irish blood, was the first Archbishop of Boston. Cap-

tain Roy Gardner established the fund to buy books for Irish school children, and spent his life improving the conditions of the poor.

There are scores of Irish patriots who helped to make Massachusetts, and there are thousands of their sons and daughters who have proved worthy of their early sacrifices.

CHAPTER XXXVII

DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS

ANOTHER way in which Massachusetts gained fame is shown by the long list of her sons and daughters who turned toward literature, and left so many charming things to read. If you should visit the historic town of Concord, with her winding driveways and great, overhanging trees, you would find yourselves in the first literary center of the Union. Now most of the early celebrities are sleeping in the Old Burial Ground, with its ancient grave-stones. Not far from the first Concord grape-vine still stands the comfortable home in which Louisa May Alcott and the other "Little Women" lived, years ago.¹

What would interest you most would be the lovely old Sleepy Hollow Cemetery with its green hills and venerable trees. There rises the massive pink boulder that marks the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Close by, is the burial lot of Henry David Thoreau, the nature lover who wrote so many quaint stories about squirrels, birds, ants,

and bees.² Then there are the little white tombstones of the Alcott family; and, not far distant, the resting place of the famous novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a most remarkable man in many ways.³ His good looks first attracted the stranger; but it was his gentle ways and beautiful manner of thought that endeared him to all who knew him. He was born in Salem, and, after the death of his parents, was educated by an uncle. A misfortune in his early youth opened the way to his future career. He became lame, and had to sit quietly while the other boys were playing ball or running wild in the woods. To amuse himself, he began a course of reading, and formed the excellent habit of studying all the best masters of literature until he could not possibly do without them.

When a young man, he became acquainted with the famous Peabody family, of Salem. Dr. Peabody had three charming daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Sophia. The youngest of these was a very delicate girl, but highly accomplished; for she could write very pleasing stories, paint wonderful landscapes, carve marble statues, and keep house in the perfect New England style. Eliza-

beth was an author, and very studious in her habits.⁴ Mary was a lively, wholesome girl, who, later, became the wife of the great Horace Mann.

Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody fell in love and were married. Although he was not able to give his wife many luxuries, she was quite contented, and helped him to the goal of his ambition. His novel entitled "The Scarlet Letter" was the talk of America, and became just as popular in England. Then his "Wonder Book" and his "Tanglewood Tales," written for children, proved that he was versatile enough to write stories for people of all ages.

Nathaniel Hawthorne went abroad with his little family. He had been appointed Consul to Liverpool, and the position gave him an opportunity to travel and to associate with people of superior intellect and culture. Sophia was as happy as a child, and together they visited the Brownings and other famous English writers, Florence Nightingale, members of the nobility, and many statesmen. They finally went to sunny Italy for a long rest, where Hawthorne wrote his masterpiece, "The Marble Faun."

Then they settled in a fine old home at Concord, called "Wayside," to lead free, happy, industrious New England lives. The Civil War de-

pressed Hawthorne to such a degree that it was impossible for him to write. His health began to fail, and he consented to take a trip with President Pierce, his old school-mate at Bowdoin College. During the journey he died in a hotel at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

His widow was almost overcome by the news of his death, but she controlled herself bravely for the sake of her children. Noted people from all over the world came to her assistance in her hour of deep sorrow. When she turned away from her husband's grave, in Sleepy Hollow Burial Ground, she passed through two long lines of famous men, including Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Franklin Pierce.

Her son, Julian, became a well-known writer; also, her daughter Rose, who was married to the author, George Parsons Lathrop.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was another Massachusetts lad whose body was not as robust as his mind.⁵ For eight generations, the men of his family had been ministers of the Gospel, so it was but natural that he should feel that he had a message for mankind. He was only fourteen when he entered Harvard College, where he became an able

Latin and Greek scholar. At twenty, he began to prepare for the ministry; but his health broke down, and he went South for a rest and a change of climate.

He married Ellen Louisa Tucker, who died soon after, leaving him quite wretched in his loneliness, but determined to preach and to write hopeful things for humanity. He went abroad, where he met such notable writers as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson. Upon his return to "The Manse," in Concord, he continued his useful career, and, later, married Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, a lecturer and writer of essays. Their home was a seat for the learned people of the time. Harvard conferred upon Emerson the degree of Doctor of Laws, which honor was followed by many others.

With the completion of the Battle Monument, erected in memory of the soldiers who had fallen in the Civil War, his immortal hymn was sung, for the first time, to the tune of "Old Hundred":—

"Spirit, that made these heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee." etc.

Another learned New England writer lived for some time in the classic town of Cambridge. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow really was a Maine man; but like the celebrated authors, Thomas Bailey Aldrich of New Hampshire, Edmund Clarence Stedman of Connecticut, William Dean Howells of Ohio, and Louisa May Alcott of Pennsylvania, he did his best work in the Old Bay State.*

One day, he knocked at the door of a famous house in Brattle Street, Cambridge. Dame Craigie came to him, and smiled when he asked for a room.

"I no longer lodge students," announced the lady.

"But I am a professor," said Longfellow, with dignity.

So she invited him to enter, and soon had him comfortably at home in the room General Washington had occupied.

Indeed, it is no wonder that Longfellow should be inspired to write such splendid poems under a roof so noted for its traditions! The house had been built by Colonel John Vassall, a Tory, who had been compelled to flee with the Britishers. George and Martha Washington had spent many anxious but happy weeks there; and distinguished men of the country had enjoyed their hospitality.

Longfellow had begun to write poems when a

mere child, the first one having been published when he was but thirteen years old; and by the time he had married Mary Storer Potter, a daughter of Judge Potter, of Portland, he was on the high road to success. When his young wife died, he continued writing, and his poems were tinged with sweet and impressive sadness.

His best work was done in that old historic mansion at Cambridge. It will please you to know that the great poet married for his second wife Frances Elizabeth Appleton; and that her father presented them with this grand old home that Longfellow had always wanted to own. He wrote one delightful poem after another, including "Evangeline," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Hiawatha," "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

During his trips abroad, he met Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle; the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, and many other noblemen and prominent leaders in thought and fashion. He did not dream, however, that upon his death, England would honor him by placing his bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

His last days were sad, for his lovely wife dropped some burning wax into her lap, and her muslin dress was soon in flames. She died in ter-

rible agony, and her devoted husband was severely injured trying to rescue her. Mrs. Longfellow was buried on the anniversary of their wedding day.

James Russell Lowell was another beloved Cambridge poet.⁷ In fact, he lived and died there, close to the Longfellow home. He was a scholar and a gentleman—one of a long line of Lowells, after whom a flourishing Massachusetts city was named.

When you are a little older, you will be able to appreciate the poems written by this genial man, who with his quaint humor and otherwise happy manner of expression shed lasting sunshine.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a dear friend and neighbor of James Russell Lowell.⁸ This bright boy entered Harvard College when he was only thirteen years old, and he became a professor, a preacher, and an author. He was, also, elected to the Massachusetts State Legislature, and served on the State Board of Education. He married a niece of William Ellery Channing, and was prominent in all plans for the betterment of the government. His simple rules for public speaking may be of help to you:—

Have something that you really desire to say.

Always speak naturally, and in a conversational manner.

Never carry a scrap of paper before an audience. Plan out your remarks as simply and orderly as possible.

Give your mind a rest before you speak.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, another bright star in the Cambridge firmament of writers, also won distinction as a lawyer and a physician.⁹ He was a descendant of Governors Dudley and Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, and married Amelia Lee Jackson, a daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Courteous in manner, well versed in all branches of learning, and a finished poet and orator, his name is sure to stand the test of time. Among his poems that you may enjoy are: "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," "Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," and "The Chambered Nautilus." His son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Junior, was a distinguished lawyer, who won degrees at Harvard, Edinburgh, and Oxford Universities. For some time, he held the high position which his grandfather, Judge Jackson, had graced so splendidly,

and, eventually, became Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

William Cullen Bryant was born at Cumming-ton.¹⁰ No poet ever loved nature more dearly, and perhaps there is no writer whose work is more appreciated. When barely nineteen, he wrote "Thanatopsis," a poem that brought him fame. About the same time, he composed another, entitled "To a Water Fowl," which many think is the finest short poem ever written.

Although Bryant began to write verses when he was only eight years old, most of his work will appeal more to readers older than yourselves. He was very conscientious in expressing his thoughts, was careful in his choice of words, and in speaking watched his pronunciation carefully. All his life he prayed that he might be able to write poems that would live.

William Hickling Prescott, of Salem, was a famous historian, who, also, achieved high honors; but he had to experience the sorrows that come to us all.¹¹ When quite young, a playmate struck him in the face with a hard crust of bread, and he lost the use of one eye. During the rest of his life he suffered great pain, but worked unceasingly



Fifty canons which he and his helpers had brought safely
on sleds across the snow and ice (Page 167)

on his great history, "The Conquest of Mexico," and other volumes equally accurate and interesting. Washington Irving, another famous American writer, was one of his warmest friends.

Prescott demonstrated to his associates that the memory can be trained to a higher degree than most people supposed. Even when almost blind, and suffering violent pain, he would plan page after page of work, down to the smallest detail. Later, he would copy every sentence he had stored in his memory, without having to change a solitary phrase or mark of punctuation.

Edward Everett Hale was a giant among his fellows—so prominent that Boston has honored him with a statue in the Public Garden.¹² He shared the courage of his grand-uncle, Nathan Hale, who said, when he was led out to execution as a spy, during the War of the Revolution: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Hale was a clergyman and an advocate for justice and humanity. His father had succeeded in establishing the first steam railway in Massachusetts; and, when he bought a newspaper, the *Advertiser*, prepared his son to manage all the details of the business. Unlike many boys whose

fathers can afford to give them such a good start in life, Edward was hard-working and appreciative. Before he was eleven years old, he had translated a tale from the French language; and while still a youth, he was editing his father's newspaper.

His story, "The Man Without a Country," is sufficient to keep his fame secure; but he wrote many other extraordinary things. "Ten Times One Is Ten" led to the founding of charity clubs all over America, Europe, Asia, and the Islands of the Pacific. The "Look-up Legion" is a Sunday-school organization due to his influence. You all know his motto that seems to be the slogan of all religious charitable movements:—

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand."

Charles Dudley Warner, of Plainfield, had not many of the advantages bestowed upon other Massachusetts boys.¹³ He spent his youth on his father's farm, and thought he had attained success when he became a clerk in a drug shop. His bright imagination and delicious humor were his principal characteristics, and stood him in good

stead when he won a desirable position with the old Hartford *Courant*. His stories are still read with delight by American boys and girls everywhere.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born near Haverhill.¹⁴ He was a Quaker, so poor that he had to borrow books to read during his few leisure hours on the farm. At the age of nineteen, his first poem was published in the Newburyport *Free Press*. His father could not afford to educate him, so the boy made slippers for ladies and earned enough to go to school at Haverhill Academy for six months. He, also, studied at night school, and was at last able to express his thoughts in clear and appropriate English. His sister Elizabeth was a great inspiration to him; and he immortalized her in "Snow Bound," one of the most beautiful poems ever written.

Unlike many renowned writers, John Greenleaf Whittier always helped those who were struggling for recognition. He encouraged Lucy Larcom, a factory girl of Lowell, who wrote a number of very fine poems.¹⁵ Although Lucy's mother kept a boarding-house, and the girl was busy day and night attending to the many duties that filled her life, she and some other young women published

a paper called the *Lowell Offering*. The verses of Lucy Larcom will live forever, principally because they are fraught with purpose and spring from a true heart.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MORE ABOUT THE HUB

VISITORS walking the peaceful streets of Boston in these modern days, might hardly believe that this great capital of Massachusetts has been scourged more than any other American city. There is scarcely any hardship that she has not endured, from a siege of war to earthquakes and rattlesnakes.¹ Wolves and bears, as fierce as those that attacked the settlers of the West, were too plentiful for comfort during the early part of the eighteenth century.² Asiatic cholera and yellow fever were among the many horrors that have entered Boston harbor.³ The great fire—in which sixty-three acres were laid in ruins, and many lives were lost—was only one of a long train of misfortunes that have but stimulated her prosperity.⁴

A great many tourists go to Boston each year. They take trips by motor-car to Bunker Hill; the burial grounds, and the business part of the city, to see the Old State House, the Old South Meeting House, Christ Church, Faneuil Hall, and

scores of other famous places. They all want to see the wealthy suburbs of Brookline and Newton; and the historic towns of Cambridge, Arlington, Lexington, Concord, Watertown, Sudbury, and others equally as interesting. If they are so fortunate as to have much time at their disposal, they will take longer trips to the industrious cities of Fall River, New Bedford, Taunton, Quincy, Marlborough, Salem, Lynn, Lowell, Haverhill, and Lawrence. They can go by boat to the delightful summer resorts of Gloucester, Marblehead, Nahant, Revere, Nantasket, Plymouth, and Provincetown. They will surely spend hours on Boston Common and in the Public Garden, and many other places dear to the hearts of Bostonians.

Many of the finest landmarks of the place were destroyed by the Great Fire, including the building in which the first court was held, and many quaint old residences with stick and mud chimneys.⁵ In their places have sprung up institutions of learning, beautiful churches, unique shops, fine statuary, and scores of other attractive sights.

Old Boston was proud of the Castle, which was romantically situated out in the harbor.⁶ The Royal Governors liked to be there as much as possible, away from the criticism of the colonists. The first store opened in Boston was owned by

John Coogan, who had come over to this country with John Winthrop. These two, with Governor Bellingham, who held office several years after Winthrop's time, laid the business foundation of Boston. Coogan is called the "Father of Merchants," because he was the first; and a very enterprising one he was. He became wealthy, and married the widow of John Winthrop. Coogan gave nearly two hundred acres of land to Harvard University, and left to his heirs two stores in Boston, and several mills in Charlestown, Woburn, and Malden.

The Faneuil family were among the old settlers, and they bought a little piece of ground next to the lot owned by Governor Bellingham. It may amuse you to know that before they could join the colony of Boston, they had to give bonds that they would not become public charges. The Faneuils proved themselves most useful citizens. Peter Faneuil gave a hall and market-place to the town. Although Boston was in need of such a building, Faneuil had a hard time to induce her to accept it. This structure was burned just before the War of the Revolution, but a new hall rose over its ashes, topped with a vane made by Shem Drown.

You have heard how James Otis, John and Sam Adams, and other patriots made these old

walls ring with their defense of American freedom.

During the Siege of Boston, Faneuil Hall was used as a playhouse by British soldiers and their Tory friends. One night, when General Burgoyne was conducting a farce for the amusement of society, sudden excitement was aroused by the hurried entrance of a sergeant.

“All officers to their posts!” he shouted, at the top of his voice. “The Yankees are attacking the British ranks at Charlestown!”

That was the last farce ever attempted in Faneuil Hall.

Peter Faneuil grew so rich and so powerful that it must have been a source of shame to the old conservative citizens who had wanted him to give bond that he would not become a public charge. History relates that he established the first trust, when he and Governor John Hancock and a few others persuaded the Massachusetts General Court to pass a law giving them the exclusive privilege of making paper in the colony for ten years.⁷ Anyone else who should dare to manufacture paper was to be fined twenty shillings. This scheme was not successful. Jeremiah Smith bought the business, and was known as the first maker of paper.

During this period, slavery existed at Boston.⁸ Negroes and Indians were sold, and nobody had any trouble keeping servants. The Puritans were opposed to this traffic, and roundly denounced the wealthy townsmen who owned slaves.

The first commercial traveler in New England was George Story, who arrived during the governorship of Sir Harry Vane.⁹ He went from house to house selling small articles of merchandise until the staid people of Boston complained. It was decided that he was an undesirable citizen and an alien; so he was arrested, tried, and fined by the magistrate, Captain Kleayne.

Story remained in Boston at the boarding-house of good Mrs. Sherman. He vowed that he would punish Captain Kleayne at the first opportunity. Before long, Mrs. Sherman's pig was lost in State Street. Captain Kleayne had it cried through the town; but no one claiming it, he kept it. More than that, he fattened it, killed it, and ate it.

Story at once saw his opportunity to denounce the aristocratic magistrate for stealing, butchering and devouring the only pig of a poor widow. My, but Captain Kleayne was angry! He fined Widow Sherman one hundred dollars; but he could not reach Story, although that mischief-

maker was flying about relating the sad tale of the widow and her pig. He induced the lady to carry the case to the General Court, and a decision was rendered against Captain Kleayne. George Story considered it the wiser policy to leave town.

About this time, another suspicious character from Boston was arrested in Plymouth for wearing shocking red hose on the streets, in broad daylight. At the trial, the poor wretch broke down, and admitted that he had stolen the stockings in Boston. So the Plymouth magistrate doubled the fine, and sent the gay apparel back to their owner.

Although there were two older cemeteries, the more aristocratic people preferred to bury their dead in the Granary Burial Ground, especially after it became dignified by the grave of the first mayor, John Phillips, the victims of the Boston Massacre, Paul Revere, three signers of the Declaration of Independence, and six governors.¹⁰

In those days, there were other famous ministers besides the Cottons and Mathers. One of the first evangelists was George Whitefield, who was so magnetic in personality and so eloquent in

speech that he could "raise the roof." This odd phrase is still in use, as you well know.

Ipswich, near Boston, has a legend of much interest. It is solemnly stated that while the powerful Whitefield was preaching there, Satan appeared on the ridge-pole of the roof, where he sat with folded arms impudently looking on and listening. Finally, he became terrified at the minister's eloquence, especially when the roof began to rise. With piercing shrieks, he jumped from the ridge-pole, making a heavy foot-print upon the stone he struck when he alighted.

Jesse Lee, the first preacher of Methodism, was, also, noted for his eloquence, although there is no record that he ever raised the roof, or that his Satanic Majesty ever paid him a visit.

The first Baptist meeting-house in Massachusetts Province was a very humble building.¹¹ The Baptists, disliked by the Puritans and driven from one place to another, at last settled in East Boston, which in those days was called "Noddles' Island."

There were two popular places where men met to discuss politics and the problems of the day. One was the Old Corner Bookstore;¹² the other, the Green Dragon Tavern. At this famous inn, the Boston Tea Party was planned. It was a pic-

turesque old place, blazoned by a sign representing a green dragon with curled tail and protruding tongue, hanging from an iron crane. At the rear of the building was a garden. Men and boys gathered at the Green Dragon to see the stage-coach come in with news of the outside world.¹³ Not far away were the first warehouse in New England,¹⁴ built by Joshua Scottaw, and the first New England bank.¹⁵

At that time, Boston Common was a pasture where soldiers drilled, boys flew kites, and cattle roamed at leisure. Many public executions took place on this noted stretch of land, which was often the scene of strife and bloodshed. Men and boys who swore on the streets, or smoked tobacco on Sunday, were frequently tied to whipping-posts erected there, and given as many lashes as the offense seemed to demand.

Boston, however, when the new Republic was born, seems to have been the first city to lend her patronage to amusements. We learn that thousands packed Concert Hall to see Rose Richardson, a girl eight years old, who weighed five hundred pounds. The first Baby Show in the Union, held in Boston, was such a tremendous success that a rival exhibition of infants was made, a few doors away, at the same time.¹⁶

The Massachusetts Historical Society is the oldest in the country.¹⁷ The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, founded by William B. Rogers and others, was the first to apply science to arts, agriculture, manufacture, and commerce.¹⁸ The Massachusetts Medical Society is the earliest state association that has met regularly since the date of its founding.¹⁹ The first musical organization is the Handel and Haydn Society.²⁰ This, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and similar institutions, financed by such public-spirited men as Major Henry Lee Higginson, have placed Boston first among American cities as a musical center.

Since the gala day when the Hub City celebrated her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, many other notable events have happened to mark her progress.²¹ Starting as a strict and conservative village, she has developed into a municipality respected for its broadness of view and independence of thought. If the early Puritans could see Boston now, they would be astounded beyond words that from an unfavorable beginning should arise such a noble and beautiful city.

LIST OF NINETEENTH CENTURY CELEBRITIES

These people (all born in Massachusetts over fifty years ago) helped to enlighten the nineteenth century. You will find the full name of each one, the date of his birth, the name of his native town, and a word or more concerning his profession.

Lyman Abbott, 1835, Roxbury; clergyman and editor.

Charles Follen Adams, 1842, Dorchester; writer and soldier.

Charles Francis Adams, 1835, Boston; soldier and authority on railway affairs.

Henry Adams, 1838, Boston; diplomat, professor, and writer.

William Taylor Adams, "Oliver Optic," 1822, Medway; writer of children's stories.

Horatio Alger, 1834, Revere; author of books for young people.

Joel Asaph Allen, 1838, Otis; authority on birds.

Joseph Ames, 1816, Roxbury; portrait painter.

Oliver Ames, 1831, Boston; statesman.

Jane Goodwin Austin, 1831, Worcester; historical novelist.

George Bancroft, 1800, Worcester; historian.

Jacob Bigelow, 1787, Boston; botanist.

Frank Bolles, 1856, Winchester; another authority on birds.

Nathaniel Bowditch, 1773, Salem; mathematician and writer.

Charles Bulfinch, 1763, Boston; succeeded B. H. Latrobe as architect of the national capitol.

James Elliott Cabot, 1821, Boston; biographer.

George Whitefield Chadwick, 1854, Lowell; author of several celebrated oratorios.

John White Chadwick, 1840, Marblehead; theologian, reviewer, and editor.

James Wells Champney, 1843, Boston; artist.

Edward Channing, 1856, Dorchester; historian.

Charlotte Cushman, 1816, Boston; actress.

Richard Henry Dana, 1787, Cambridge; editor and poet.

Richard Henry Dana, Junior, 1815, Cambridge; authority on marine and international law.

Emily Dickinson, 1830, Amherst; poet.

Mary Abigail Dodge, "Gail Hamilton," 1838, Hamilton; writer.

Nathan Haskell Dole, 1852, Chelsea; editor, translator, and author.

Timothy Dwight, 1752, Northampton; Yale president and chaplain in the Revolutionary Army.

Alice Morse Earle, 1853, Worcester; authority on folk lore and antiques.

Elaine Goodale Eastman, 1863, Berkshire County; Indian teacher and writer.

Jonathan Edwards, 1745, Northampton; clergyman.

Charles William Eliot, 1834, Boston; Harvard University president.

Henry Martyn Field, 1822, Stockbridge; entered Williams College at the age of twelve; author, editor, and clergyman.

Annie Fields, 1834, Boston; biographer.

Eliza Lee Cabot Follen, 1787, Boston; writer of songs and children's stories.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, 1862, Randolph; stories of New England life.

Alice French, "Octave Thanet," 1850, Andover; author.

Ellen Frothingham, 1835, Boston; translator from the German.

Nathaniel Frothingham, 1793, Boston; clergyman and writer.

Octavius Brooks Frothingham, 1822, Boston; religious and biographical writer.

William Henry Furness, 1802, Boston; writer and translator.

Walter Gay, 1856, Hingham, artist; medals from Paris Salon and Paris Exposition.

James R. Gilmore, "Edmund Kirke," 1823, Boston; publisher and writer.

Benjamin Althorp Gould, 1824, Boston; astronomer.

Robert Grant, 1852, Boston; novelist and miscellaneous writer.

Adolphus Washington Greely, 1844, Newburyport; Arctic explorer.

Samuel Abbott Green, 1830, Groton; historian, physician, and a mayor of Boston.

Curtis Guild, 1828, Boston; editor and writer.

Curtis Guild, Junior, 1860, Boston; governor of Massachusetts three terms; ambassador to Russia.

Louise Imogen Guiney, 1861, Boston; poet.

James Hall, 1837, Hingham; geologist. He made wonderful research in Canada, New York, Iowa, and Wisconsin.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, 1847, Andover; diplomat, novelist, and mathematician.

Caroline Lee Hentz, 1804, Lancaster; writer of books for children.

Edward Hitchcock, 1793, Deerfield; made a geological survey of Massachusetts, and was sent by the state to visit the agricultural schools of Europe.

George Frisbie Hoar, 1826, Concord; statesman.

Charles Frederick Holder, 1851, Lynn; zoologist.

J. G. Holland, 1819, Belchertown; author of "Bitter Sweet" and many other novels.

Mark Hopkins, 1802, Stockbridge; educational promoter, and a president of Williams College.

Mark Hopkins, Junior, 1851, Williamstown; London journalist.

Caroline W. Horton, 1829, Manchester; writer and educator.

John James Ingalls, 1833, Middleton; statesman; served three years as Kansas state senator.

Helen Hunt Jackson, 1831, Amherst; author of "Ramona" and other novels.

Sylvester Judd, 1813, Westhampton; clergyman and writer.

Jonas King, 1792, Hawley; missionary and professor of Oriental languages at Amherst College.

Samuel Pierpont Langley, 1834, Roxbury; astronomer.

William Lawrence, 1850, Boston; Bishop of Massachusetts.

Alfred Lee, 1807, Cambridge; Bishop of Delaware.

Susan Inches Lesley, 1823, Northampton; writer.

Henry Cabot Lodge, 1850, Boston; statesman, lecturer, and historian.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell, 1856, Boston; lawyer and a president of Harvard University.

Edward Jackson Lowell, 1845, Boston; lawyer, writer, and historian.

Francis Cabot Lowell, 1855, Boston; statesman and writer.

Charles F. Lummis, 1859, Lynn; writer.

Francis Davis Millet, 1846, Mattapoisett; artist; received medals in France, Belgium, and Roumania.

Dwight Lyman Moody, 1837, Northfield; evangelist.

John Lothrop Motley, 1814, Boston; diplomat and author.

Charles Eliot Norton, 1827, Cambridge; editor and historian.

Emma Aline Osgood, 1852, Boston; oratorio singer.

Frances Sargent Osgood, 1812, Boston; poet.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 1810, Cambridge; writer. Wife of Marquis d'Ossoli; both drowned off the coast of Maine, in 1850.

Robert Treat Paine, Junior, 1773, Boston; poet.

Horatio William Parker, 1863, Boston; musical composer.

Theodore Parker, 1810, Lexington; author.

Francis Parkman, 1823, Boston; novelist, essayist, and horticulturist.

Maria Parloa, 1843, Boston; established the first cooking schools, and wrote the first cook books.

Henry Martyn Paul, 1851, Dorchester; astronomer.

Andrew Preston Peabody, 1811, Beverly; preacher and writer.

Francis Greenwood Peabody, 1847, Boston; professor and writer.

Charles Sprague Pearce, 1851, Boston; artist, better known abroad.

Benjamin Peirce, 1809, Salem; mathematician, astronomer, and a writer of text-books.

Charles Callahan Perkins, 1822, Boston; art historian; one of the founders of the Boston Art Museum.

Thomas Handasyd Perkins, 1764, Boston; founded Perkins Asylum for the Blind.

Bliss Perry, 1860, Williamstown; educator and author.

Nora Perry, 1832, Dudley; began to write for magazines at eighteen.

Eben Plympton, 1853, Boston; actor.

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809, Boston; poet. Shortly after his birth his parents moved to Baltimore.

Maria Louise Pool, 1854, Rockland; novelist.

Josiah Quincy, 1772, Boston; congressman, senator, president of Harvard, mayor of Boston.

Caroline Hunt Rimmer, 1857, Randolph; authority on figure drawing.

Lucius Manlius Sargent, 1804, Boston; first lecturer on temperance.

Charles Sprague Sargent, 1841, Boston; authority on the cultivation of trees.

Eliza Scudder, 1821, Barnstable; author of some of the first state hymns and sonnets.

Samuel Hubbard Scudder, 1837, Boston; authority on butterflies.

Barnas Sears, 1802, Sandisville; theologian.

Catherine M. Sedgwick, 1789, Stockbridge; novelist.

Henry Wheeler Shaw, "Josh Billings," 1818, Lanesborough; humorist.

Samuel F. Smith, 1808, Boston; author of our national hymn, "America."

James Russell Soley, 1850, Roxbury; writer and lecturer on international law.

Francis Campbell Sparhawk, 1858, Amesbury; historian and geographer.

Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825, Hingham; poet and literary editor.

Joseph Story, 1779, Marblehead; judge and author.

William Wetmore Story, 1819, Salem; writer and sculptor; medals from France and Italy; honorary degrees from Oxford and Bologna.

George Ticknor, 1791, Boston; professor and historian.

Francis Henry Underwood, 1825, Enfield; United States consul at Glasgow and at Leith; writer and publisher.

Henry Van Brunt, 1832, Boston; architect.

Herbert Dickinson Ward, 1861, Waltham; collaborated with his literary wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, 1854, Randolph; professor of Greek language and literature in the American School of Classical Studies, at Athens; later, president of the University of California.

Adeline Dutton Train Whitney, 1824, Boston; daughter of Enoch Train, who founded a line of packet ships between Boston and Liverpool; writer.

Joseph Willard, 1798, Cambridge; historical writer.

Samuel Willard, 1775, Petersham; blind writer of hymns and text-books for schools.

Alfred Mason Williams, 1840, Taunton; journalist.

William Winter, 1836, Gloucester; critic and poet.

Samuel Woodworth, 1785, Scituate; author of "The Old Oaken Bucket" and other poems.

NOTES

CHAPTER I

¹ Three bays indent the coast of Massachusetts: to the north, Massachusetts Bay, with the harbors of Boston, Lynn, Marblehead, Salem, and Gloucester; then Cape Cod Bay, with the harbors of Duxbury, Plymouth, Barnstable, Wellfleet, and Provincetown; to the south, Buzzard's Bay, with the harbors of Bedford, Fairhaven, and Wareham.

² Lief landed in the year 1000, or about that time. (Please remember that historians differ regarding certain dates.)

³ John Cabot (born 1450, died 1498).

⁴ Sebastian Cabot (born 1486, died 1557).

⁵ In 1602, Gosnold landed on the coast of Massachusetts.

⁶ In 1604, Chevalier de Monts and Champlain arrived.

⁷ Captain John Smith (born 1580, died 1631). Read the interesting legend of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, of Virginia.

CHAPTER II

¹ William Brewster (1560-1644).

² It is said that the prosperity of Leyden began to wane after the departure of the Puritans. It is now but half the size it was 200 years ago.

³ The Pilgrims landed, December 21, 1620.

CHAPTER III

¹ William Bradford introduced the name "PILGRIM."

² When Peregrine White reached manhood, the court gave him two hundred acres of land in Bridgewater.

³ They learned, later, that Captain John Smith had named the harbor PLYMOUTH.

⁴ At a convention of Pilgrim descendants, held in Plymouth, nearly a century and a half later, an attempt was made to carry Plymouth Rock into the town. During its removal, it broke in two, and only the upper portion was carried into the place, where it still remains.

CHAPTER IV

¹ Edward Winslow is called the "First New England Statesman."

CHAPTER V

¹ Edward Winslow was honored by Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, who appointed him to govern an expedition to the Spanish West Indies. However, Winslow died on board ship and was buried at sea, with high military honors.

² Read "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHAPTER VI

¹ John White is called the "Founder of Massachusetts."

² In 1628, John Endicott settled at Salem.

³ Gloucester was first settled in 1626, and became a town in 1642; ship building began in 1643.

⁴ In 1630, John Winthrop's party arrived. John Winthrop (1588-1649).

⁵ In 1621, the site of Boston was visited by some Pilgrim Fathers.

CHAPTER VII

¹ In 1630, "Lost Town" became Boston.

² In 1625, Merry Mount was settled.

³ In 1630, Medford was first settled; building began in 1634.

⁴ In 1634, Springfield was founded. The manufacture of arms began in Springfield, 1795.

CHAPTER VIII

¹ February 22, 1631, first official thanksgiving.

² 1629, first church in America, built at Salem.

³ 1631, first ship built in America.

⁴ 1624, Edward Winslow imported the first cattle.

⁵ Salem, at one time, had fifty-nine privateers in commission, carrying four thousand men.

CHAPTER IX

¹ 1637, Synod held in Cambridge.

² John Cotton (1585-1652).

³ John Wilson (1588-1667).

⁴ This Congregational form of religion was established by law, in 1651.

⁵ Richard Mather (1596-1669).

⁶ Increase Mather (1639-1723). Cotton Mather (1663-1728).

⁷ John Eliot (1604-1690).

⁸ When you go into the Boston Public Library, observe near the entrance a fine statue of Sir Harry Vane (1613-1662).

⁹ 1637, Ann Hutchinson was exiled.

¹⁰ Roger Williams (1607-1684), who thoroughly learned the Indian language, said that Massachusetts really means "Blue Mountains." He founded Rhode Island in 1636.

¹¹ Thomas Hooker (1586-1647) founded Connecticut in 1636.

CHAPTER X

¹ 1637, Pequot War. E. H. Wendell, of New York, in 1915, paid \$300 to the Collectors' Club for an original edition of Major John Mason's "Pequot War," published in Boston, 1736.

² 1635, Public Latin School was opened in Boston.

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³ 1636, Harvard College was established. Other prominent colleges were founded as follows: Williams College, Williamstown, 1793; Amherst, 1821; Mount Holyoke, at South Hadley, the first school for the higher education of women, 1837; College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, 1843; Tufts College, Medford, 1855; Boston College, 1863; Boston University, 1869; Wellesley College, for girls, 1870; Smith College, at Northampton, for girls 1875; Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, for girls, 1879.

⁴ 1662, Sir Harry Vane was executed, in England.

⁵ 1639, first printing press was set up, at Harvard.

CHAPTER XI

¹ 1641, Body of Liberties was adopted.

² 1645, first colored slave was shipped back to Guinea.

³ 1652, a mint was established at Boston.

⁴ 1652, arrival of the first great Scotch colony.

⁵ 1656, first Quakers appeared.

⁶ 1657, a number of Quakers were hanged on Boston Common.

CHAPTER XII

¹ 1663, bridge built between Boston and Cambridge.

² 1673, old Castle was destroyed.

³ 1675, King Philip's War began.

⁴ 1676, death of King Philip.

CHAPTER XIII

¹ 1684, charter was annulled.

² 1686, Royal Governor Andros arrived.

³ 1689, first King's Chapel was built by Royal governors.

⁴ 1689, William III of Orange began to rule.

CHAPTER XIV

¹ 1690, capture of Port Royal.

² 1692, Phips was appointed Royal Governor.

³ 1690, first mill was established in Massachusetts. Cotton spinning, in which New England excels, began in Massachusetts, in 1640, when cotton was imported from the Barbadoes.

CHAPTER XV

¹ 1692, witchcraft reached its height.

CHAPTER XVI

¹ 1640, Haverhill was first settled.

² 1695, capture of Joseph Whittaker and Isaac Bradley.

³ 1697, heroism of Hannah Dustin.

⁴ 1704, Deerfield Massacre, of French and Indian War.

CHAPTER XVII

¹ Massachusetts further honored Pepperell by naming a town for him. Louisburg Square, on Beacon Hill, Boston, was named in honor of the victory at Louisburg in 1745.

² 1704, *Boston News Letter*, first newspaper, was published.

³ 1712, sperm whale fishing began; 1713, first schooner; 1724, first insurance office opened; 1730, Old South Meeting House was built; 1749, New King's Chapel; 1755, clover introduced in farming; 1760, paper making began in Milton.

CHAPTER XVIII

¹ Massachusetts was independent of England for one hundred and thirty-five years.

² Royal Governor Hutchinson was a descendant of Ann Hutchinson, the exile.

³ 1765, The Stamp Act.

⁴ James Otis (1725-1783).

⁵ Samuel Adams (1722-1803).

⁶ John Adams (1735-1826).

⁷ 1765, Townshend Revenue Acts.

CHAPTER XIX

¹ 1766, English soldiers were stationed in Boston.

² 1770, March 5, Boston Massacre.

CHAPTER XX

¹ 1773, December 16, Boston Tea Party. Tea was first advertised, in 1714; coffee, in 1770.

² 1774, last Royal Governor, Thomas Gage.

³ 1871, great Boston Fire; 1914, great Salem Fire.

⁴ 1774, Continental Congress met in Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XXI

¹ 1774, first armed resistance against the King's Army, at Salem.

² See Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline."

³ 1774, Governor Gage sacked the Old Powder House, at Somerville.

CHAPTER XXII

¹ Colonel Lee took cold from exposure, and died soon after.

² Paul Revere (1735-1818).

CHAPTER XXIII

¹ April 19, 1775, Battles of Lexington and Concord.

CHAPTER XXIV

¹ William Heath (1737-1814).

² Artemas Ward (1727-1800).

³ William Prescott (1726-1795).
Joseph Warren (1741-1775).

⁴ John Glover (1732-1797).

⁵ Elbridge Gerry (1744-1814).

⁶ Israel Putnam (1718-1790).

CHAPTER XXV

¹ June 17, 1775, Battle of Bunker Hill. As nearly as can be estimated, one thousand and fifty-four British were killed and wounded, including one hundred and fifty-seven officers. The Provincials suffered four hundred and forty-nine killed and wounded.

² 1794, first Bunker Hill Monument was erected. First stone of the present monument was laid in 1825; last stone, 1842.

CHAPTER XXVI

¹ July 3, 1775, General Washington took command of the Continental Army.

CHAPTER XXVII

¹ March 17, 1776, the British evacuated Boston.

² July 4, 1776, Declaration of Independence was adopted at Philadelphia.

³ 1780, Worcester introduced machinery for spinning and weaving cotton.

⁴ 1780, John Hancock was made governor of the new state of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XXVIII

¹ Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790).

CHAPTER XXIX

¹ Benjamin Thompson, "Lord Rumford" (1753-1814).

² Rufus Putnam (1738-1824). The Ohio Mayflower landed at Marietta, April 7, 1788.

CHAPTER XXX

¹ Shays' Rebellion.

² Cotton Tufts (1734-1815).

³ 1788, Federal Constitution was finally accepted.

CHAPTER XXXI

¹ In 1796, John Adams was elected President of the United States.

² War of 1812.

³ 1820, Maine became a separate state. Cotton was first woven by machinery in Beverly, in 1787; the manufacture of duck, linen, and other fabrics began in 1789; in 1790, nail machines were introduced at Amesbury. The first navigable canals in the Union were opened at Montague and South Hadley, in 1792; gas light was first demonstrated in Boston, in 1815; the first steamboat in Boston harbor went to Nahant and back, in 1826.

⁴ John Quincy Adams (1767-1848). In 1826, he was elected President of the United States.

⁵ Daniel Webster (1782-1852).

CHAPTER XXXII

¹ Rufus Choate (1799-1859).

² Horace Mann (1796-1859).

³ 1835, John Pierpont was mobbed.

⁴ 1837, first State Board of Education.

⁵ Amos Lawrence (1786-1852).

⁶ George Peabody (1795-1869).

CHAPTER XXXIII

¹ 1846, Massachusetts opposed the policy of the Mexican War.

² 1833, the first steam railway trains ran between Boston and Newton, nine miles away; 1839, Harnden's Express started between Boston and New York; 1840, Adams Express Company was established; 1840, the Unicorn, the first steam packet from England, landed in Boston; the same year, envelopes for letters came into use; 1849, Adams Express Company brought the first gold from California to Boston; it weighed fifteen pounds, and was displayed in a Washington Street win-

dow. The Boston Public Library was inaugurated in 1855.

³ 1855, organization of the Republican party.

⁴ Charles Sumner (1811-1874).

⁵ 1841, Brook Farm was established. William Henry Channing (1810-1884).

⁶ Edward Everett (1794-1865).

⁷ Phillips Brooks (1835-1893).

⁸ Theodore Parker (1810-1860).

⁹ 1863, Samuel Gridley Howe organized the first State Board of Charity in America.

¹⁰ William Lloyd Garrison (1807-1879).

¹¹ Wendell Phillips (1811-1884).

¹² William Ellery Channing (1780-1842).

¹³ Civil War (1861-1865).

¹⁴ John Albion Andrew (1818-1867).

¹⁵ Nathaniel P. Banks (1816-1894).

¹⁶ William Francis Bartlett (1840-1876).

¹⁷ Charles Devens (1820-1891).

¹⁸ 1898, Spanish War.

CHAPTER XXXIV

¹ Samuel Finley Breese Morse (1791-1872).

² First electric telegraph message, May 24, 1844.

³ Alexander Graham Bell, born in 1847.

⁴ First clear speech made by telephone, March 10, 1876.

⁵ 1876, Philadelphia Exposition.

⁶ Bell tablets unveiled in Boston, March 13, 1916.

⁷ Cyrus West Field (1819-1892); laid the first cable across the Atlantic Ocean in 1858.

CHAPTER XXXV

¹ Eli Whitney (1765-1825); invented cotton gin in 1793.

² 1826, first railway in the United States.

³ November 9, 1875, the first train passed through the Hoosac Tunnel.

CHAPTER XXXVI

¹ 1741, the passengers of the Seaflower appeared in Boston harbor.

² 1736-1738, ten shiploads of Irish people arrived.

³ 1717, Captain Robert Temple and his party landed at Boston.

⁴ 1650, Rev. Gabriel Druillettes came to Boston; he was the first Catholic in the city, and was a noted missionary among the Indians.

⁵ 1727, an old barn was turned into the first Irish Presbyterian church.

⁶ 1813, the first mill in the world to combine all operations of converting raw cotton into finished cloth was established at Waltham.

CHAPTER XXXVII

¹ Concord grapes introduced in 1855, by Ephraim Bull.

² Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862).

³ Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864).

⁴ Elizabeth Peabody is said to have been the first kindergarten teacher as well as a writer of ability.

⁵ Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).

⁶ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

⁷ James Russell Lowell (1819-1891).

⁸ Thomas Wentworth Higginson, born in 1823.

⁹ Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894).

¹⁰ William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878).

¹¹ William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859).

¹² Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909).

¹³ Charles Dudley Warner (1827-1900).

¹⁴ John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892).

¹⁵ Lucy Larcom (1826-1893).

CHAPTER XXXVIII

¹ 1638, earthquake shocks in Boston; five more in 1669.

² 1725, complaints around Boston because of bears, wolves, and rattlesnakes.

³ 1793, yellow fever; 1832, invasion of Asiatic cholera.

⁴ 1872, property destroyed amounting to \$100,000,000.

⁵ 1630, first court held in Boston.

⁶ 1634, work on the old Castle began. First store also was opened.

⁷ 1728, first Paper Trust.

⁸ 1650, slavery began in Boston.

⁹ 1630, first commercial traveler.

¹⁰ 1660, Granary Burial Ground was opened.

¹¹ 1670, first Baptist Meeting House. Baptist Society, in 1665, was organized at Charlestown.

¹² 1712, Old Corner Bookstore was established.

¹³ 1669, first coach.

¹⁴ 1712, first warehouse.

¹⁵ 1784, first New England bank.

¹⁶ 1855, first baby show.

¹⁷ 1781, Massachusetts Historical Society.

¹⁸ 1861, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

¹⁹ 1771, Massachusetts Medical Society.

²⁰ 1815, Handel and Haydn Society.

²¹ 1880, Quarter-millennium Celebration.

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